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Lois Taylor

Tea Time In Tibet

Book & Lyrics by-
T. P. Bourland,
G. V. Buchanan,
O. D. Burge

Music by-
W. D. Donahue

Directed by-
Le Roy Prinz,
William Troutman

Managed by-
L. G. Hunt

Produced by
Pierrots of Illinois Union
University of Illinois

The Pierrots of Illinois Union

of the

University of Illinois

Present

"TEA TIME IN TIBET"

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts

Direction LeRoy Prinz and William Troutman

Book and Lyrics by
TED BOURLAND, G. V. BUCHANAN, O. D. BURGE

Music by
"BILL" DONAHUE

ILLINOIS THEATRE, April 7 and 8, 1922

ARYAN GROTTO, CHICAGO, April 15, 1922

THE AUTHORS

BILL DONAHUE
Music

G. V. BUCHANAN
Book and Lyrics

TED BOURLAND
Book and Lyrics

O. D. BURGE
Book

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

1.	Opening Chorus	Ensemble
2.	Puritan Days	Bangs, Stonecutter, and Chorus
3.	The Toddle Top	Fifi, Bangs, Stonecutter, Fuzzle, and Bell-hops
4.	Now you See It, Now you Don't	Biff, Peet, and Chorus
5.	Campus of Golden Moons	Biff and Fifi
6.	The 'Ostlers 'Our	Fuzzle and Chorus
7.	Things I Never Knew	Peet and Clara
8.	Wait 'Till Your Sweetie Gets Back	Ensemble

ACT II

1.	Garden of Pan	Interpreted by E. G. McDonald
2.	The Inventor	Booth
3.	I Could Never Find Another Girl Like You	Biff and Fifi
4.	Land of the Yak	Bye Mee and Chorus
5.	Not Enough Ladies and Too Many Men	Angelica and Husbands
6.	Just For Now	Peet and Clara
7.	Tea Time in Tibet	Biff, Fifi and Ensemble
8.	Daughters, Daughters	Tiberius and Daughters
9.	Finale	Ensemble

THE CAST

TOP ROW—H. W. WALKER, A. A. WAHLBRINK, R. E. ROOS, J. E. MACHAMER, P. J. MATHEW
MIDDLE ROW—S. L. PERLMAN, A. B. STEVENS, E. G. McDONALD, W. H. JENTZSCH, A. L. BERT, F. H. TRAUT
BOTTOM ROW—H. T. SOWERS, H. M. HEBERER, A. C. BAUR, C. R. MILLER, F. S. HOWARD, C. R. DAVIS, W. E. MEENTS

CHARACTERS

Dr. Syntacticus Bangs, Biff's Dad	Traut
Montmorency Bangs, known as Biff, our hero	Machamer
Fifi Royce, the heroine	Stevens
Rogers Peet, Biff's comrade-at-arms	Roos
Clara, a maid and Peet's sweetheart	Jentszch
Polonius Booth, one ham actor	Sowers
Fuzzle, the horses' chambermaid	Miller
Garnet Stonecutter, Dean of Children	Mathew
Tiberius, King of Tibet, ex-Charlie Cheever	Davis
Boucher, Lord High Executioner	Baur
A. Rolls Royce, Fifi's father	Wahlbrink
Charlie Cheever, country-clubber	Davis
Doc Travers, golf club librarian	Baur
Razzum, Jazzum, Hehazzum — Tibetan suitors	Howard, Meents, Gulmyer
Prof. Tomemaggot, Prof. Alexander Egg, Prof. O. Howie Crabbs — Tibetan scholars	Bert, Walker, Perlman
Angelica, a Tibetan wife	McDonald
Captain Nightly, Captain of the guards	O'Donnell
Givem A. Jab, a punster	Meents
Bye Mee, a suitor	Gulmyer
Bill Collector, Finklestein & Co., costumers	Howard
Tiberius the Ancient, grandfather of King Tiberius	McDonald
Yak, a curious creature	Walker & Perlman

THE DIRECTORS

LEROY PRINZ
Dances and Features

WILLIAM TROUTMAN
Dramatic

THE CHORUS

TOP ROW—H. L. NEWCOMER, A. E. EDSTROM, R. L. DIPPELL, E. F. CAMERON, D. A. TRIPP
THIRD ROW—W. J. WENDT, H. A. WOODS, S. A. WEAVER, G. E. DARLING, W. FERRIS, B. JOHNSTON
SECOND ROW—J. L. SCHUREMAN, R. FEFFER, C. A. SWENSON, E. A. TALKINGTON, R. H. PARHAM, H. L. HILTABRAND, A. L. STRAUS, O. L. LeMASTERS
BOTTOM ROW—R. A. MAGNUSON, C. R. BRONN, R. A. MERZ, R. E. BURNS, A. R. MATHIAS, J. R. PATTON F. H. O'DONNELL, T. H. MERRIAM

PONY CHORUS

LEMASTERS	BIESPIEL
STRAUS	FEFFER
TALKINGTON	HILTABRAND
SCHUREMAN	TRIPP

SHOW-GIRLS

FERRIS	MATHIAS
NEWCOMER	WOODS
DIPPELL	EDSTROM
WENDT	BURNS
JOHNSTON	

SHOW-MEN

MAGNUSON	MERZ
BRONN	HUGHES
DARLING	KAISER
MERRIAM	McLAIN

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Production

J. N. JANSEN
Assistant Manager
Business

L. G. HUNT
Manager

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THIRD ROW—J. E. BAIRSTOW, W. F. PRICE, C. T. McELWEE, M. T. MARX, G. HUCKINS, A. G. FORDYCE
SECOND ROW—E. E. VEIHL, R. W. MORTON, J. W. BRIGHT, R. BLACK, W. W. LAURENCE, H. G. HELMLE, J. B. CLAUSEN
BOTTOM ROW—C. E. HARNER, C. W. BAUGHMAN, G. E. BENSON, R. R. FOWLER, L. G. HUNT, E. L. HUBBELL, W. F. WOLK, J. C. BAILEY

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PROF. ARMS PROF. WEIRICK E. D. LEBOWICH

Additional skit by
KEENE RAFFERTY

Additional lyrics by
LARRY TRIGGS

Additional music by
BLUMENTHAL
COPE
SCHOEFFLER

THE ORCHESTRA

TOP ROW—L. S. BIESPIEL, A. FREYMAN, C. W. FERGUSON, H. H. STRINGER, H. L. NEWCOMER, C. O. HULICK
BOTTOM ROW—R. K. CUMMINGS, J. M. WAYER, H. J. SCHOEFFLER, W. D. DONAHUE, A. H. HANSON, R. J. FOWLER, S. F. LEWIS

Bill Donahue
Director and Piano

H. J. Schoeffler
Violin

H. H. Stringer
Violin

H. L. Newcomer
Flute

A. Freyman
Trombone

C. W. Ferguson
Cornet

S. F. Lewis
Violin

J. M. Wayer
Cello

C. O. Hulick
Cornet

R. J. Fowler
Clarinet

R. K. Cummings
Oboe

A. H. Hanson
Drums

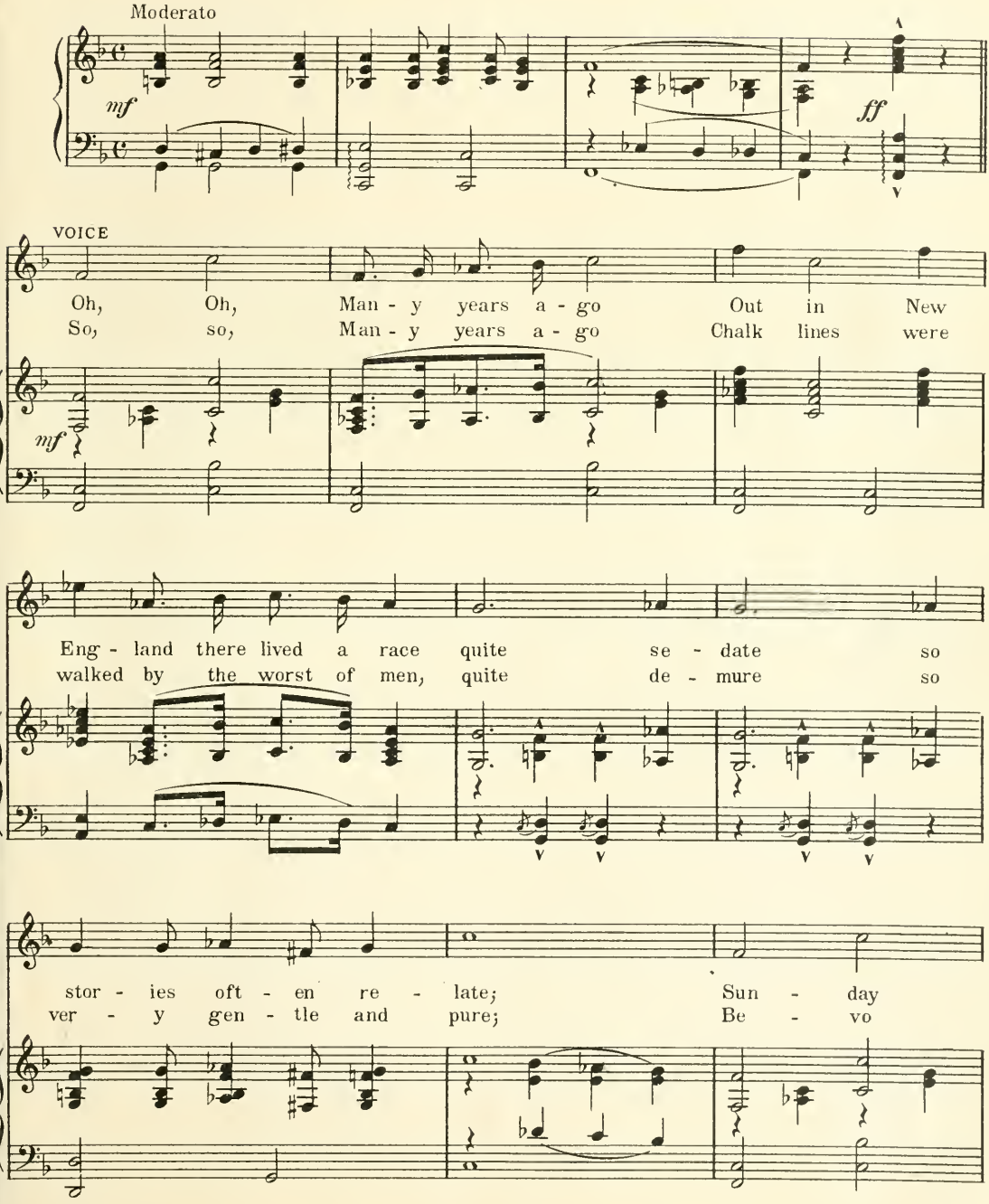
E. E. Fjeld
Bass

R. E. Garn
Saxophone

Puritan Days

Words by
BILL DONAHUE & G.V. BUCHANAN

Music by
BILL DONAHUE



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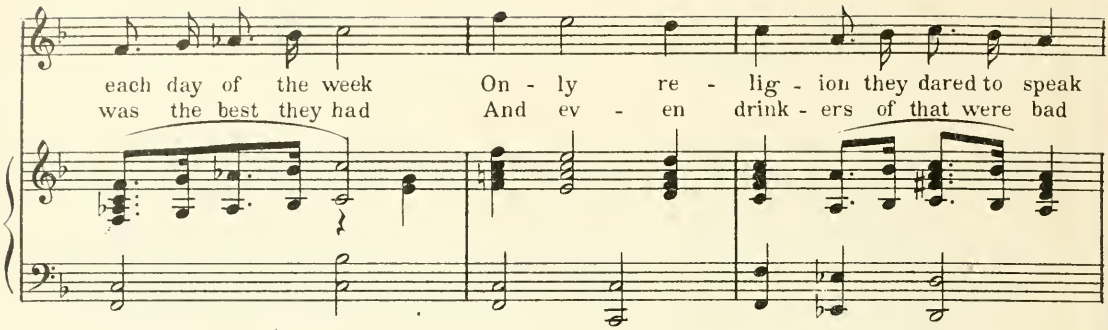
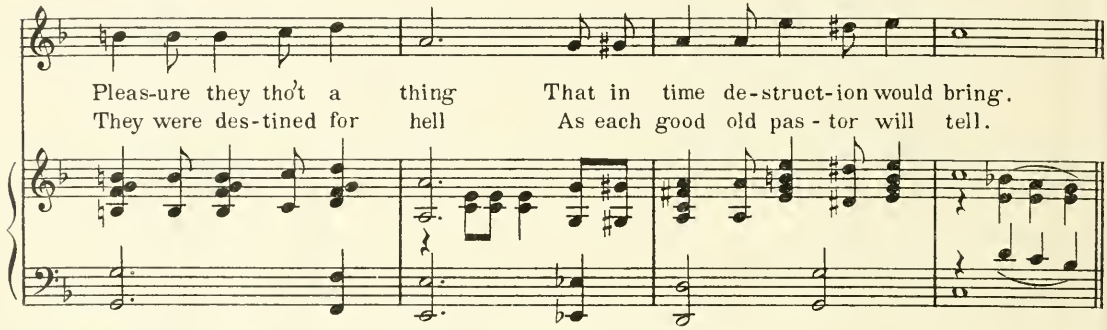
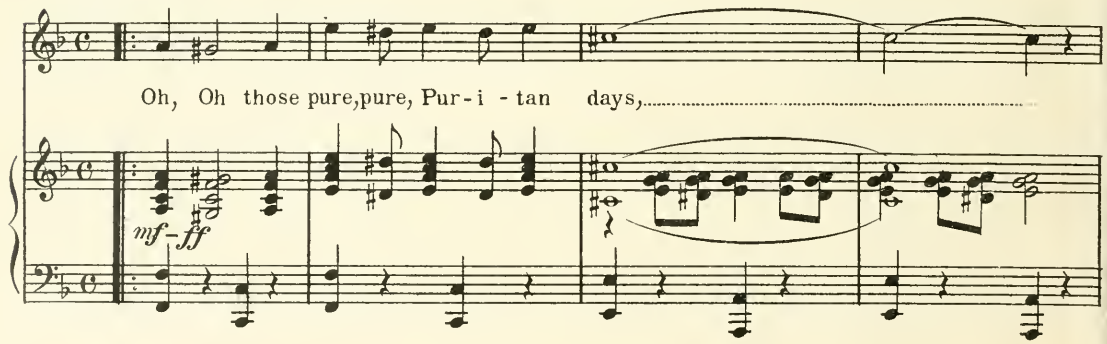
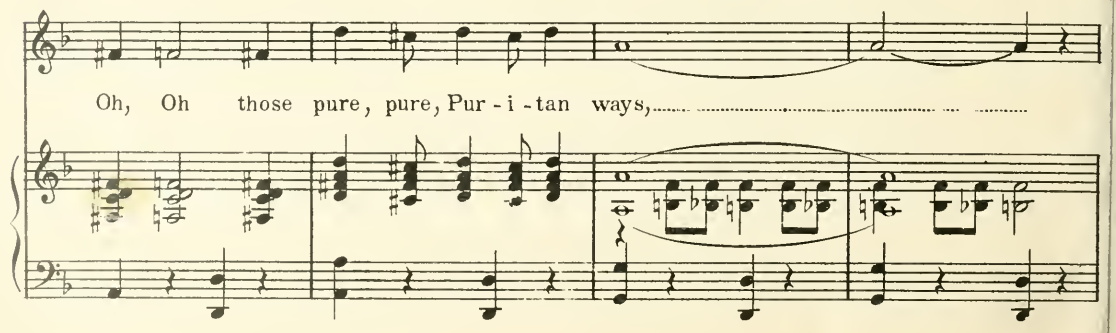
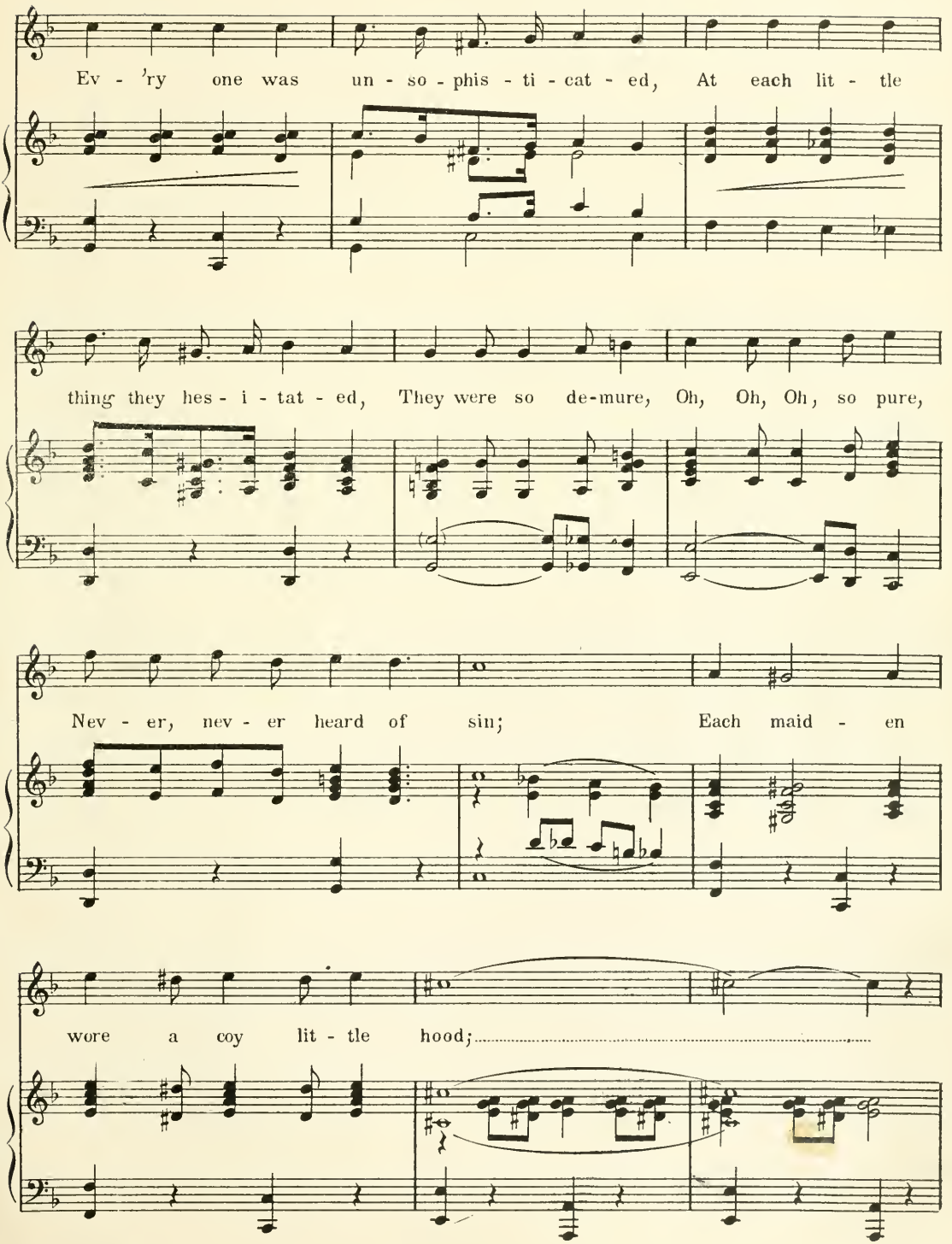

each day of the week
was the best they had
On - ly re - lig - ion they dared to speak
And ev - en drink - ers of that were bad

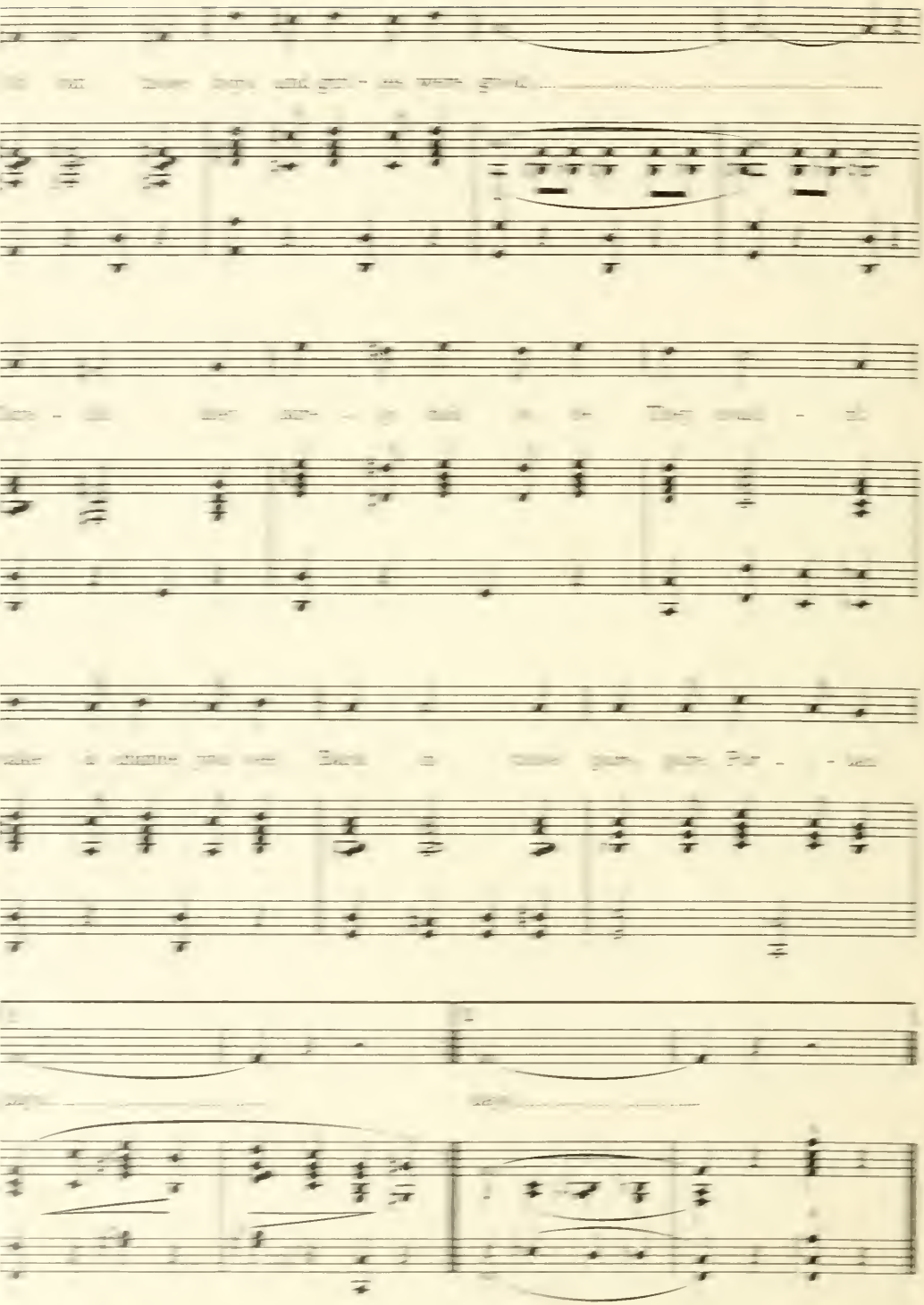

Pleas-ure they tho't a thing
They were des-tined for hell
That in time de-struct-ion would bring.
As each good old pas - tor will tell.

REFRAIN


Oh, Oh those pure,pure, Pur-i - tan days,
mf - ff


Oh, Oh those pure, pure, Pur - i - tan ways,

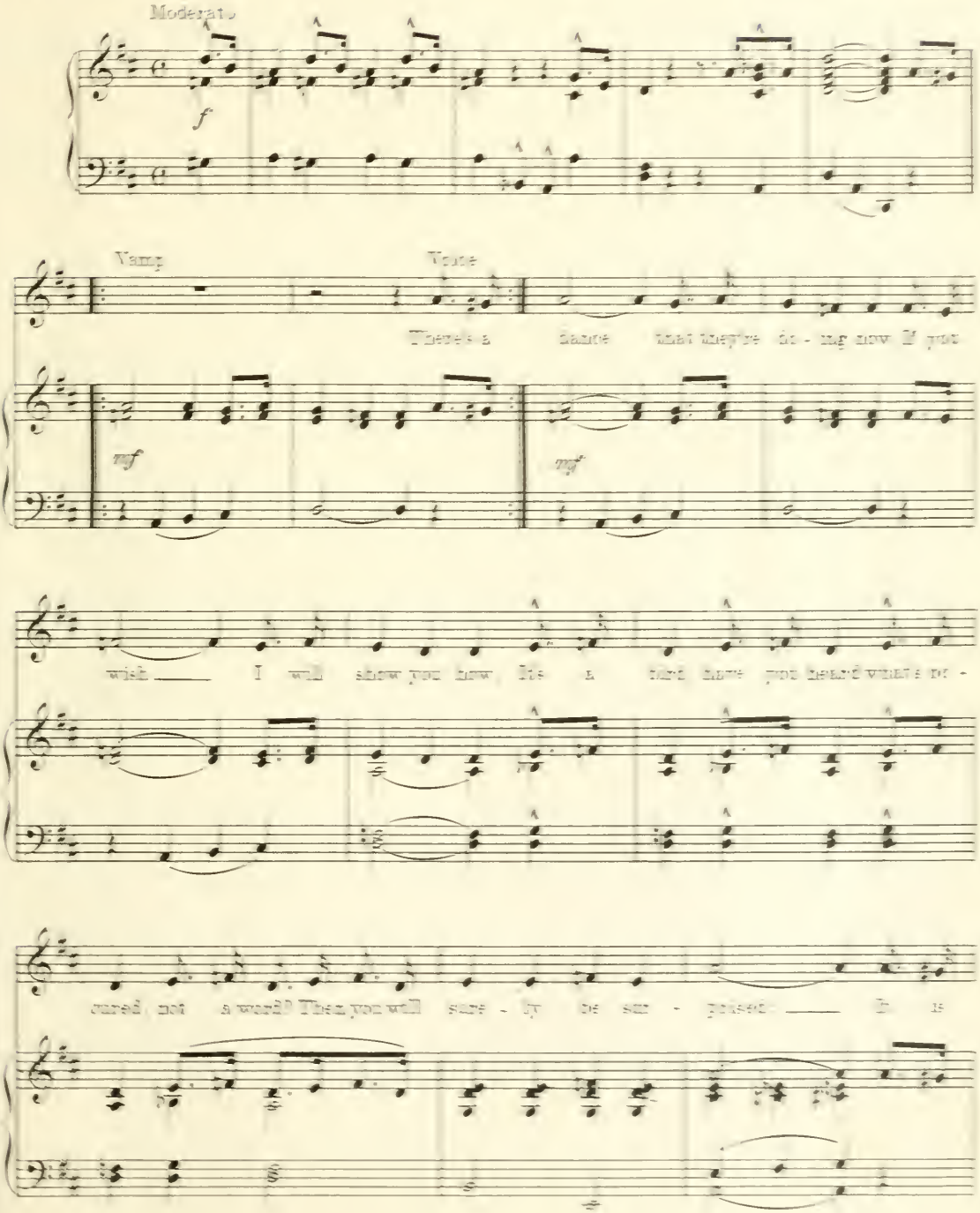

Ev - 'ry one was un - so - phis - ti - cat - ed, At each lit - tle
thing they hes - i - tat - ed, They were so de-mure, Oh, Oh, Oh, so pure,
Nev - er, nev - er heard of sin; Each maid - en
wore a coy lit - tle hood;



The Toddle Top

Words by
G.N. BUCHANAN

Music by
BILL DUMARTE



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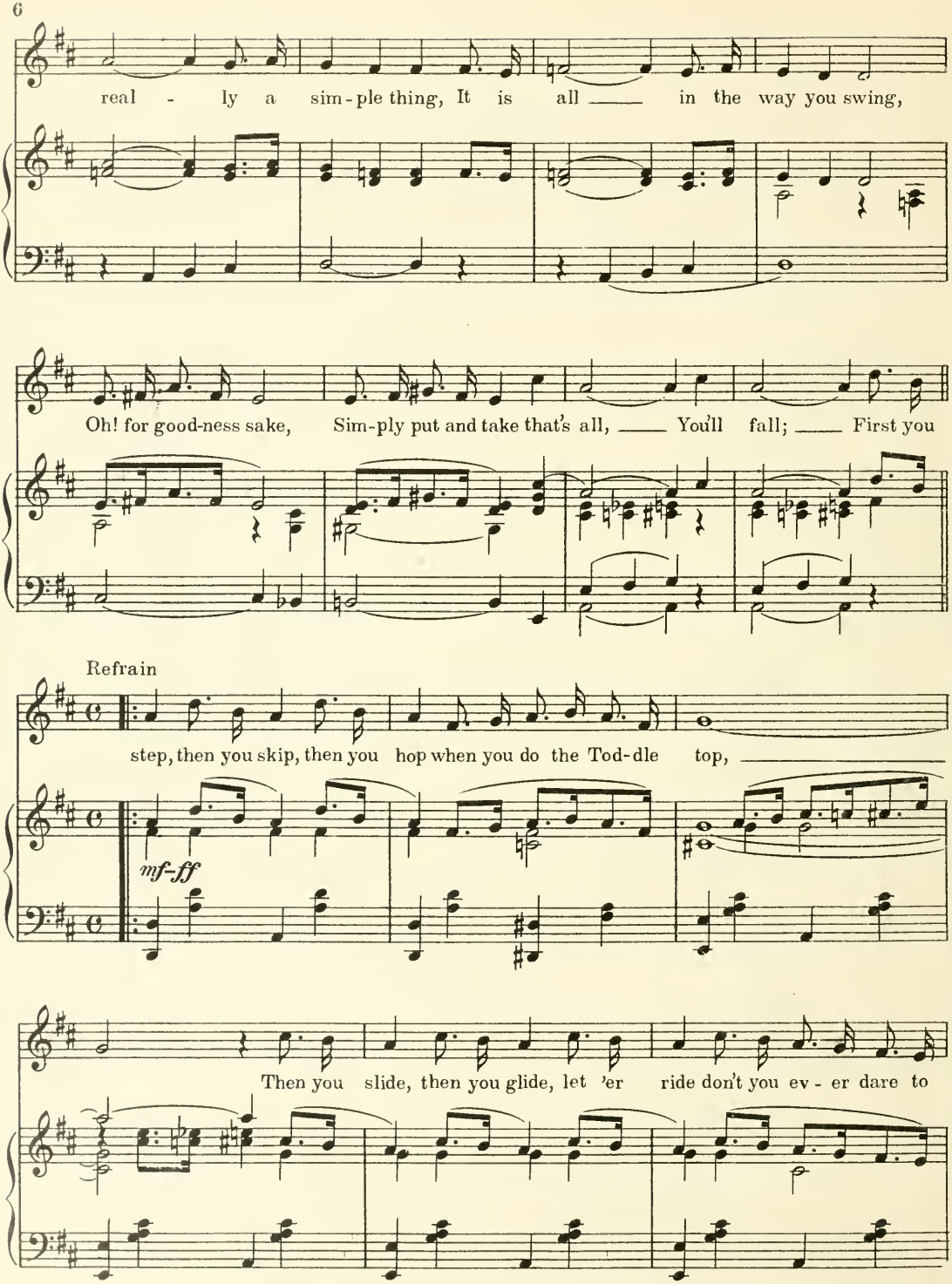
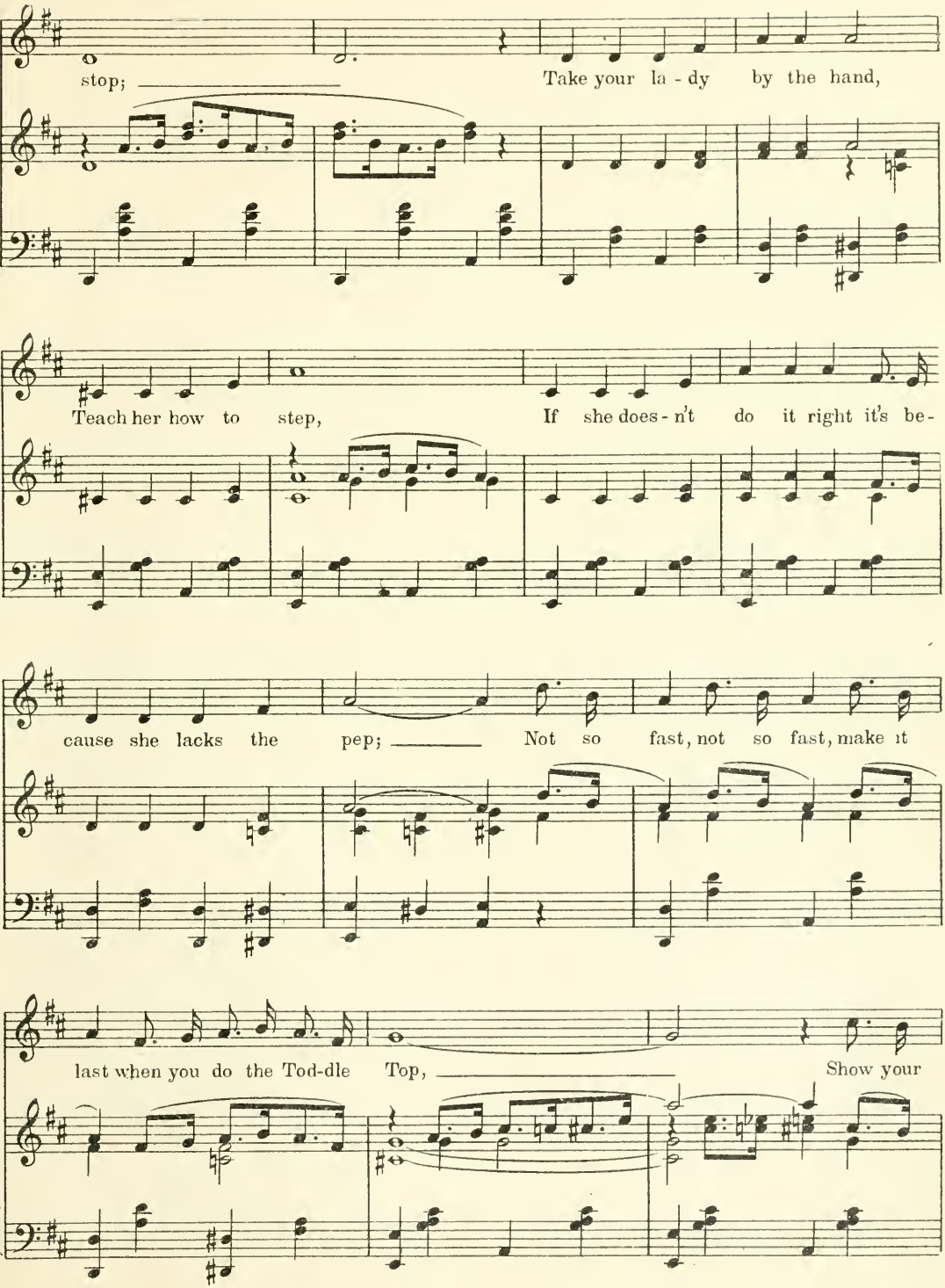
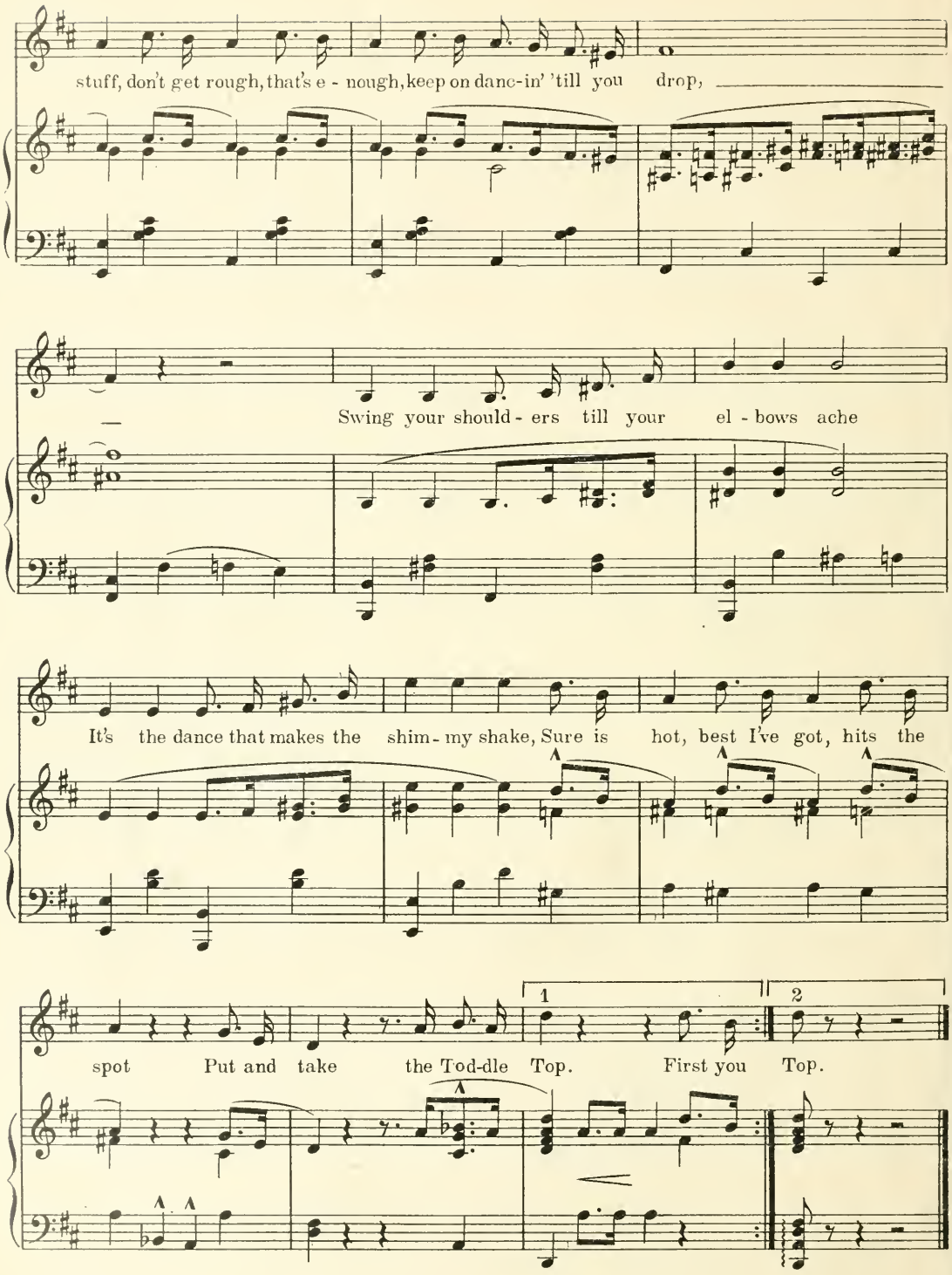

real - ly a sim-ple thing, It is all ___ in the way you swing,
Oh! for good-ness sake, Sim-ply put and take that's all, ___ You'll fall; ___ First you
Refrain
step, then you skip, then you hop when you do the Tod-dle top, ___
mf-ff
Then you slide, then you glide, let 'er ride don't you ev - er dare to


stop;
Take your la - dy by the hand,
Teach her how to step,
If she does - n't do it right it's be -
cause she lacks the pep;
Not so fast, not so fast, make it
last when you do the Tod-dle Top,
Show your

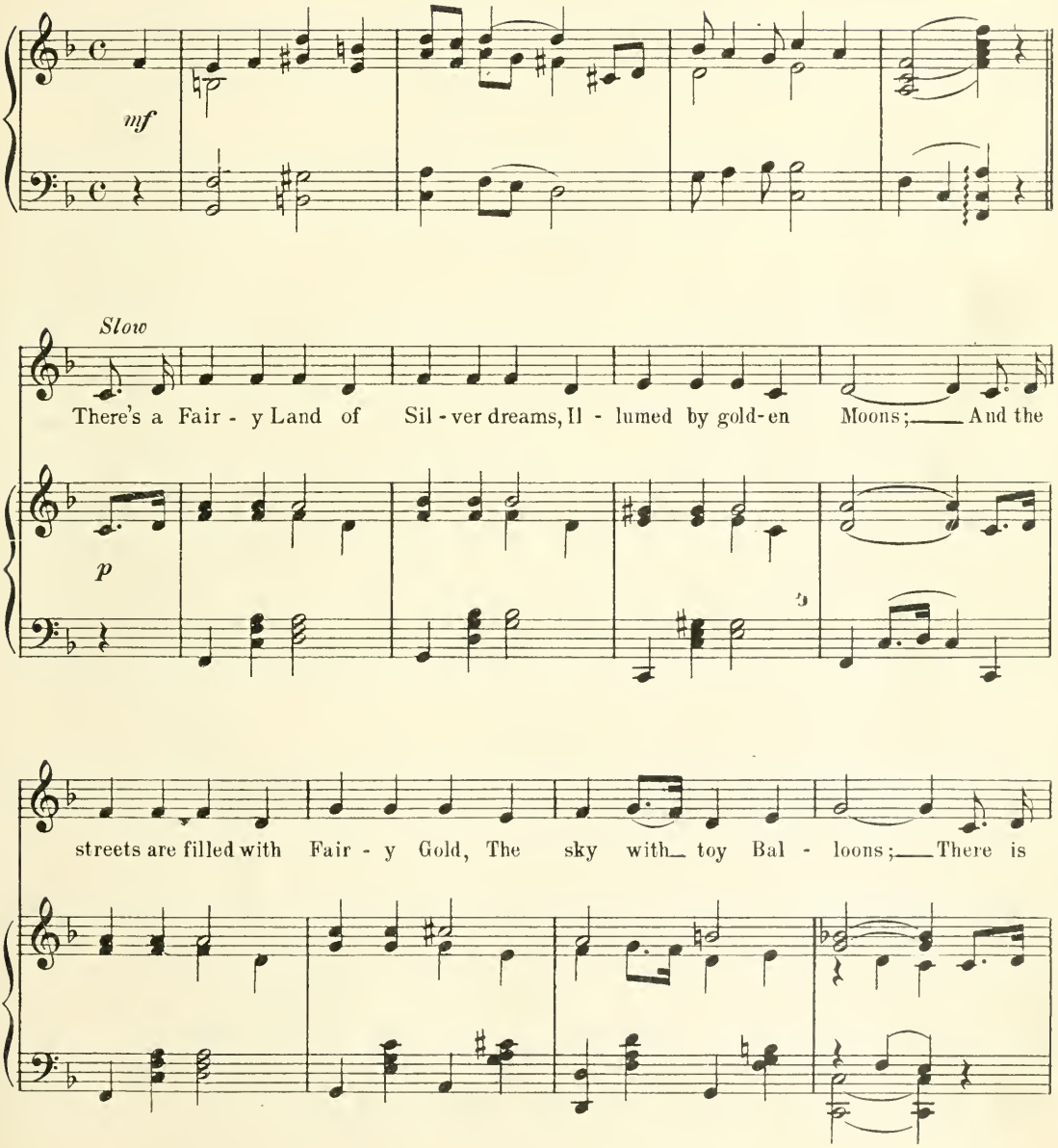

stuff, don't get rough, that's e - nough, keep on danc-in' 'till you drop,
Swing your should - ers till your el - bows ache
It's the dance that makes the shim - my shake, Sure is hot, best I've got, hits the
spot Put and take the Tod-dle Top. First you Top.
1
2

wonderful

Campus of Golden Moons

Words by
L. F. TRIGGS

Music by
BILL DONAHUE



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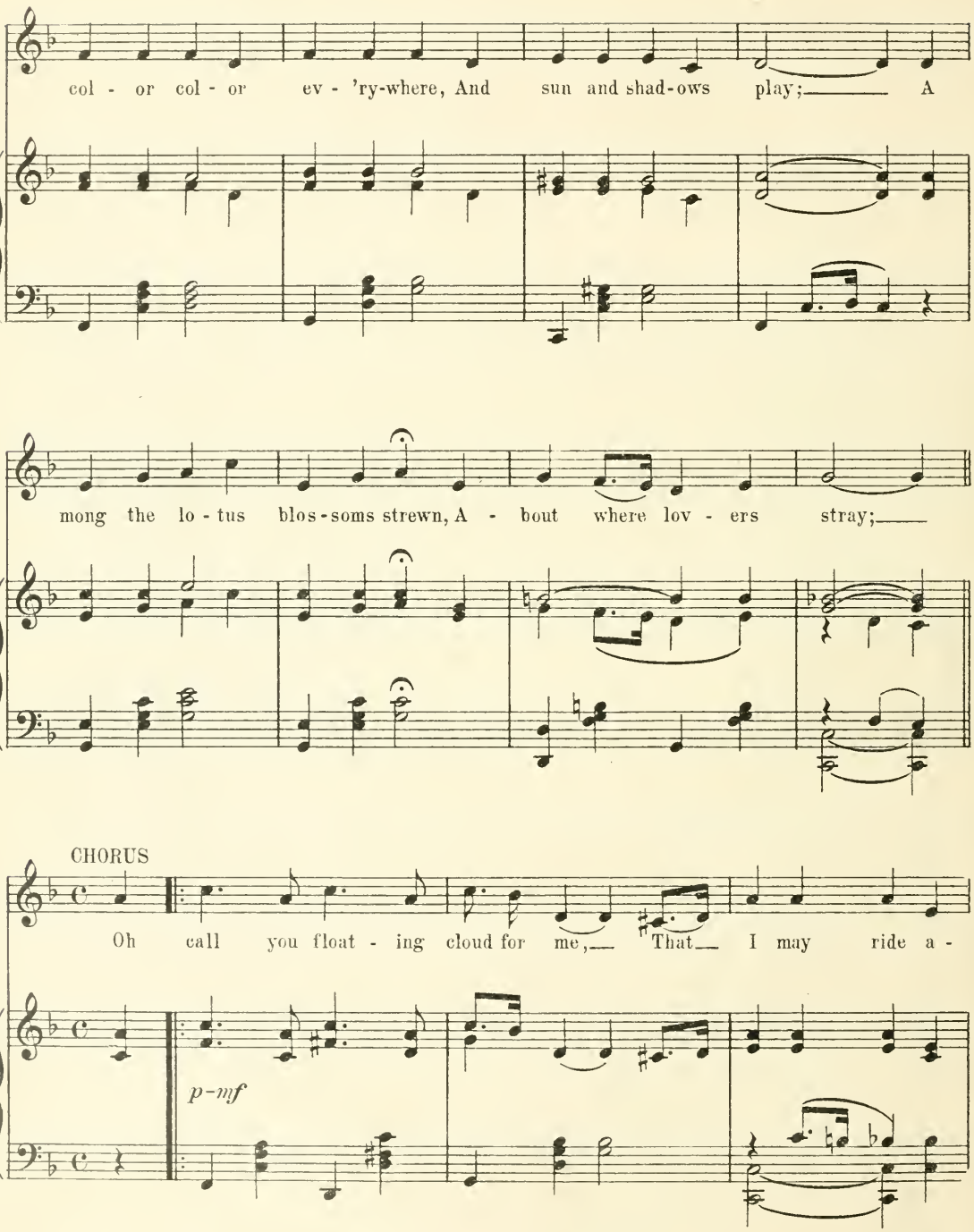
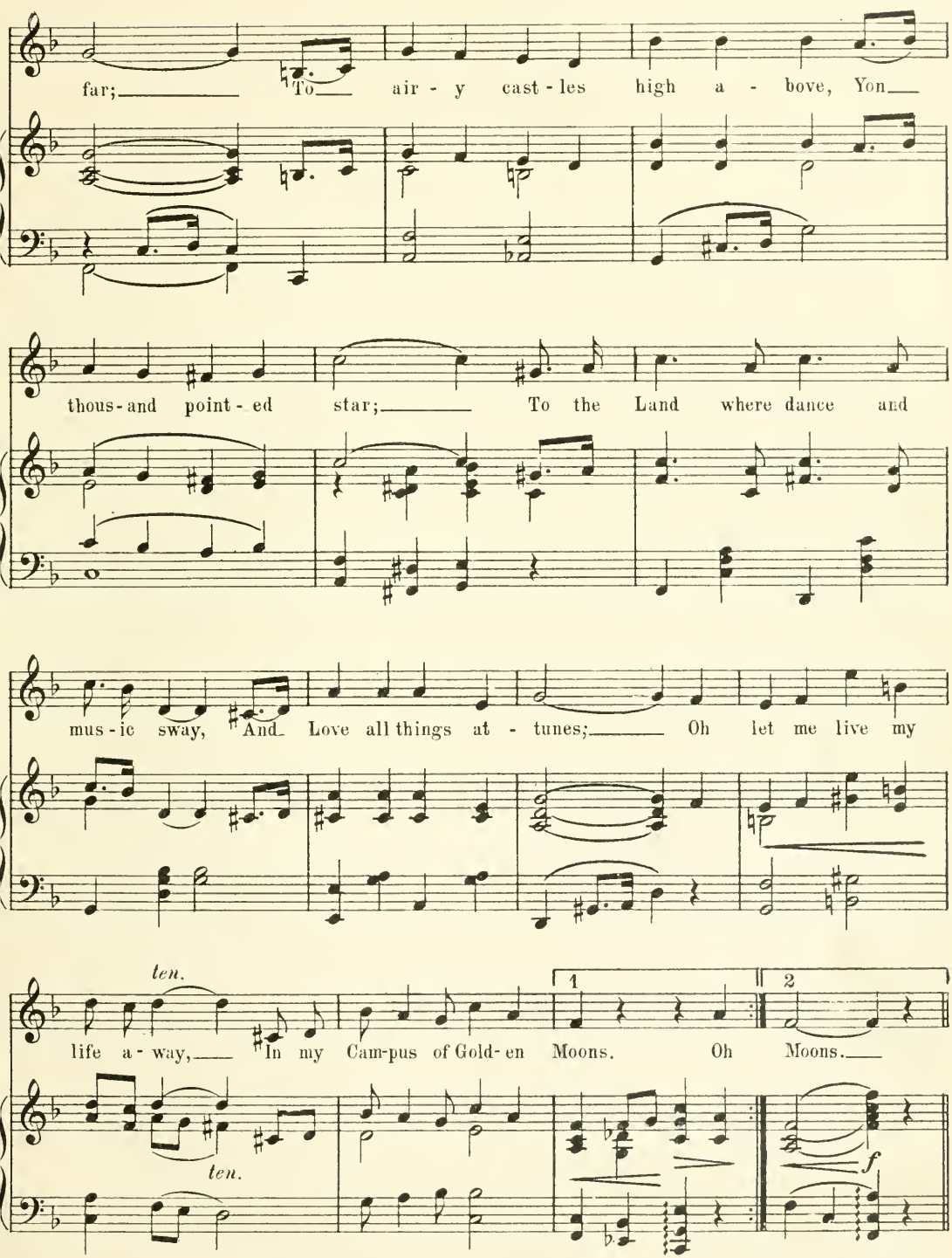

col - or col - or ev - 'ry-where, And sun and shad-ows play; A
mong the lo - tus blos - soms strewn, A - bout where lov - ers stray;
CHORUS
Oh call you float - ing cloud for me, That I may ride a -
p-mf


far; To air - y cast - les high a - bove, Yon
thous - and point - ed star; To the Land where dance and
mus - ic sway, And Love all things at - tunes; Oh let me live my
ten.
life a - way, In my Cam-pus of Gold - en Moons. Oh Moons.
1
2
ten.
f

Now You See It, Now You Don't

Words by
G. V. BUCHANAN

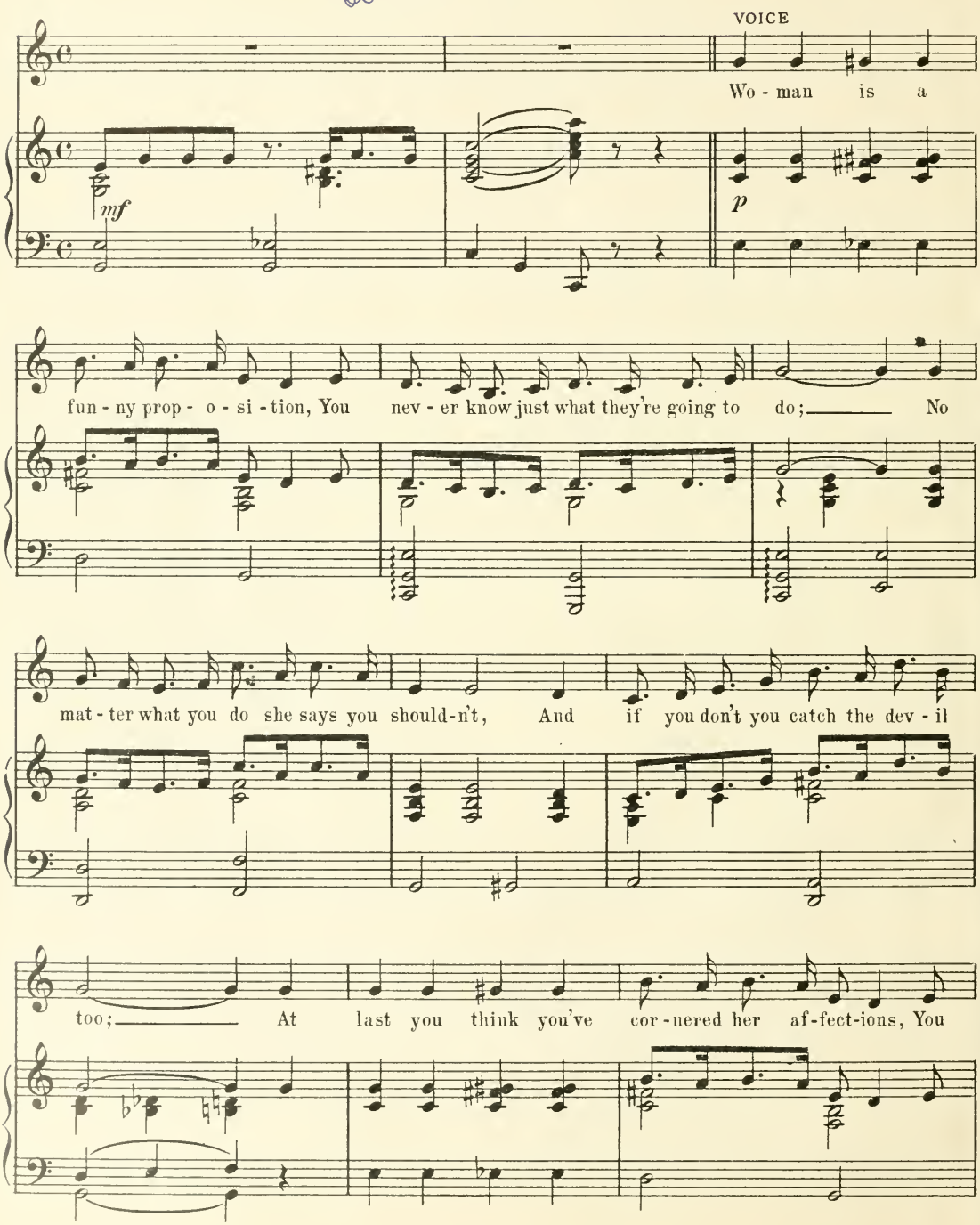
Music by
BILL DONAHUE

Hinks' Song

VOICE

Wo - man is a fun - ny prop - o - si - tion, You nev - er know just what they're going to do; No mat - ter what you do she says you should-n't, And if you don't you catch the dev - il too; At last you think you've cor - nered her af - fect - ions, You

mf *p*



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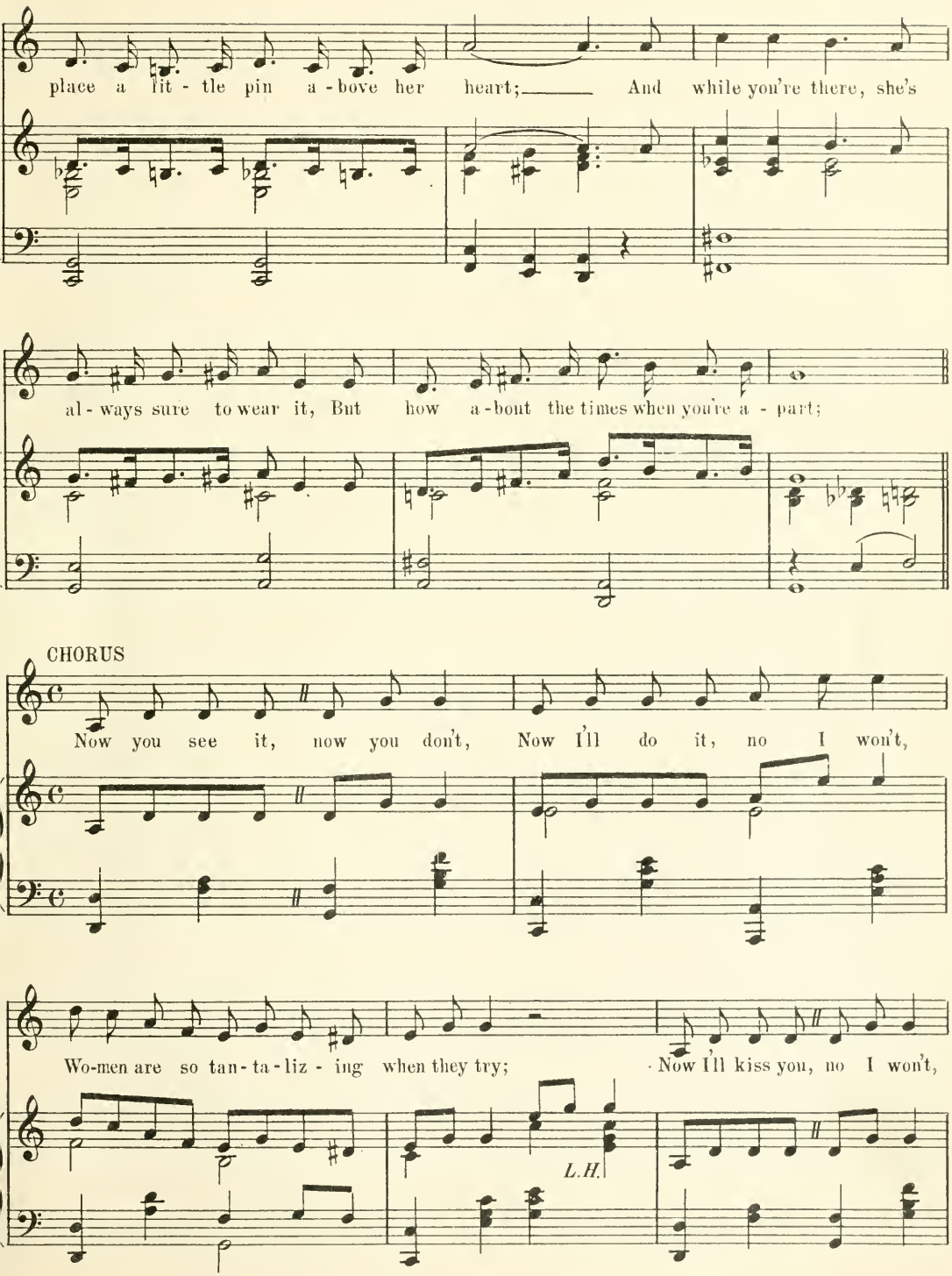
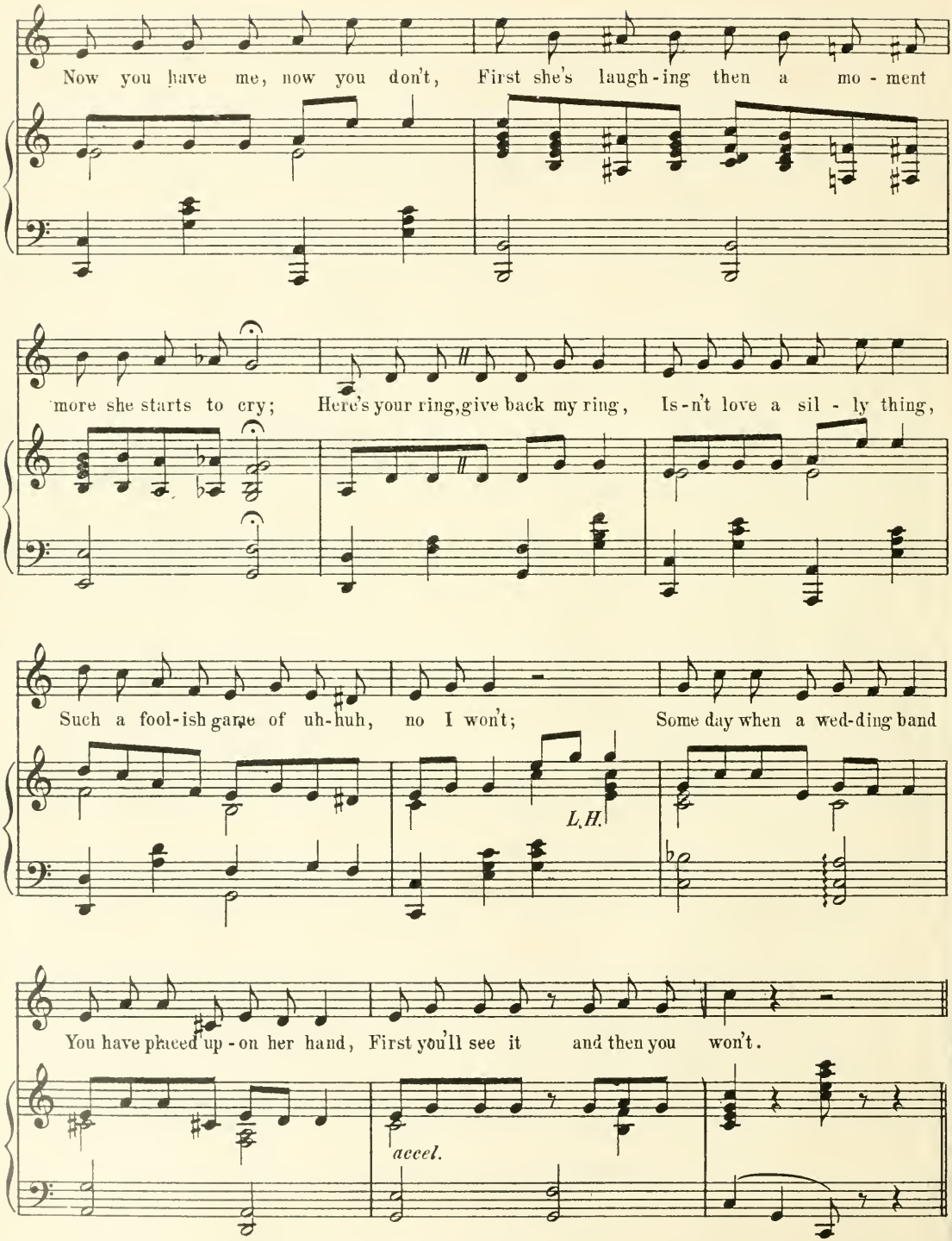

place a lit - tle pin a - bove her heart; And while you're there, she's
al - ways sure to wear it, But how a - bout the times when you're a - part;
CHORUS
Now you see it, now you don't, Now I'll do it, no I won't,
Wo-men are so tan - ta - liz - ing when they try; Now I'll kiss you, no I won't,
L.H.


Now you have me, now you don't, First she's laugh-ing then a mo-ment
more she starts to cry; Here's your ring, give back my ring, Is-n't love a sil-ly thing,
Such a fool-ish game of uh-huh, no I won't; Some day when a wed-ding band
L.H.
You have placed up-on her hand, First you'll see it and then you won't.
accel.

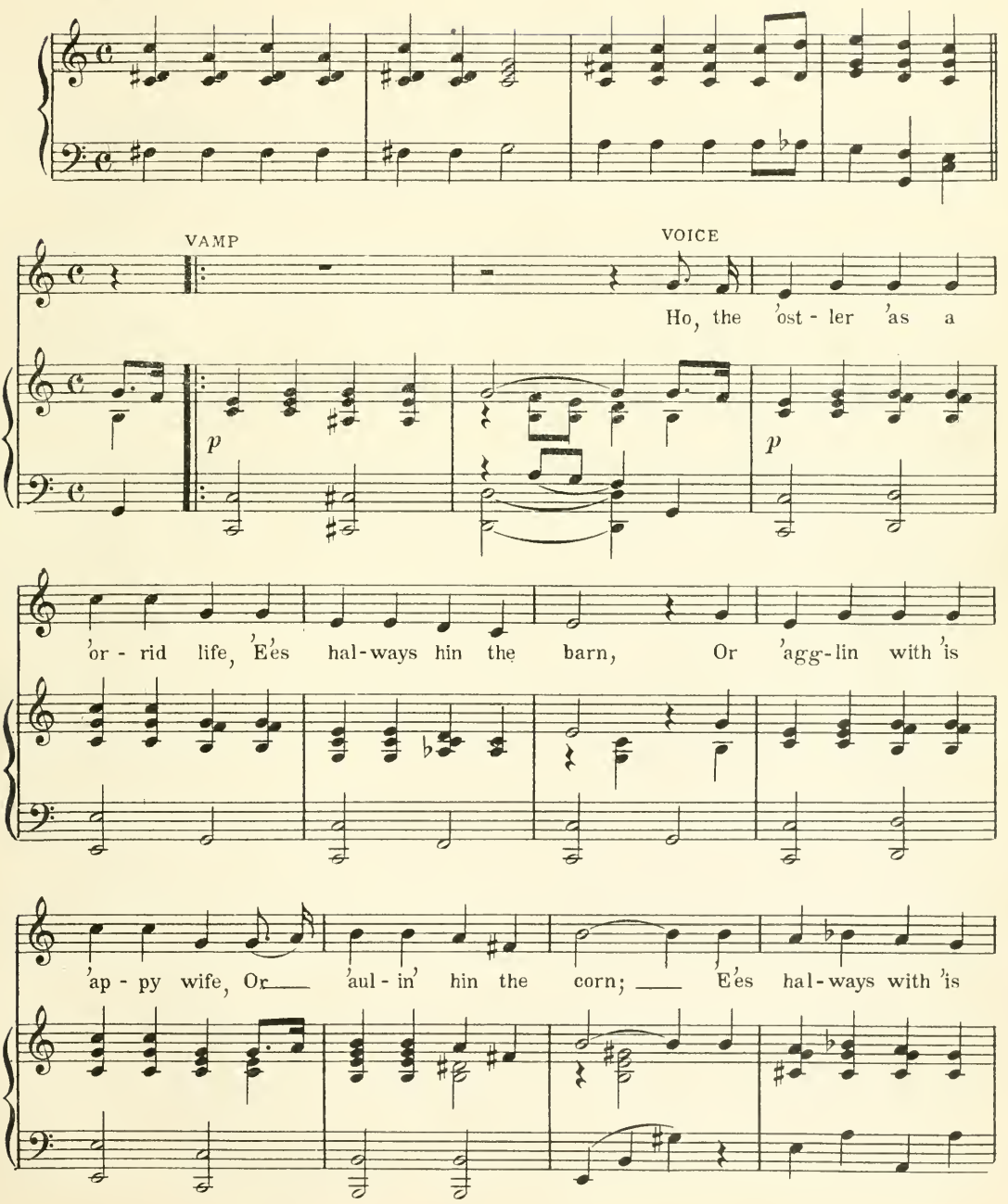
"The 'Ostler's 'Our"

Words by
G.V. BUCHANAN.

Carl's Song

Music by
BILL DONAHUE

Moderato



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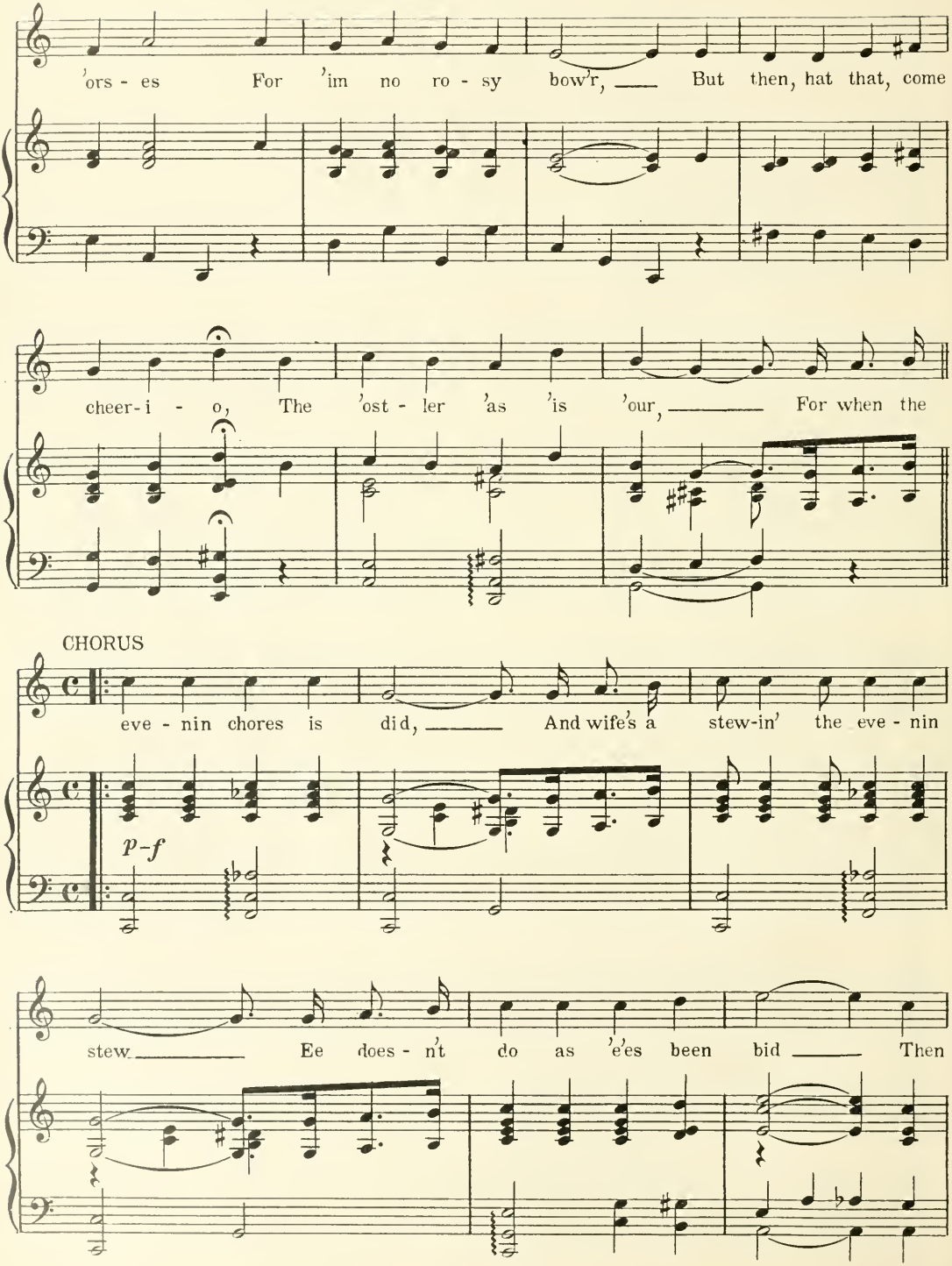
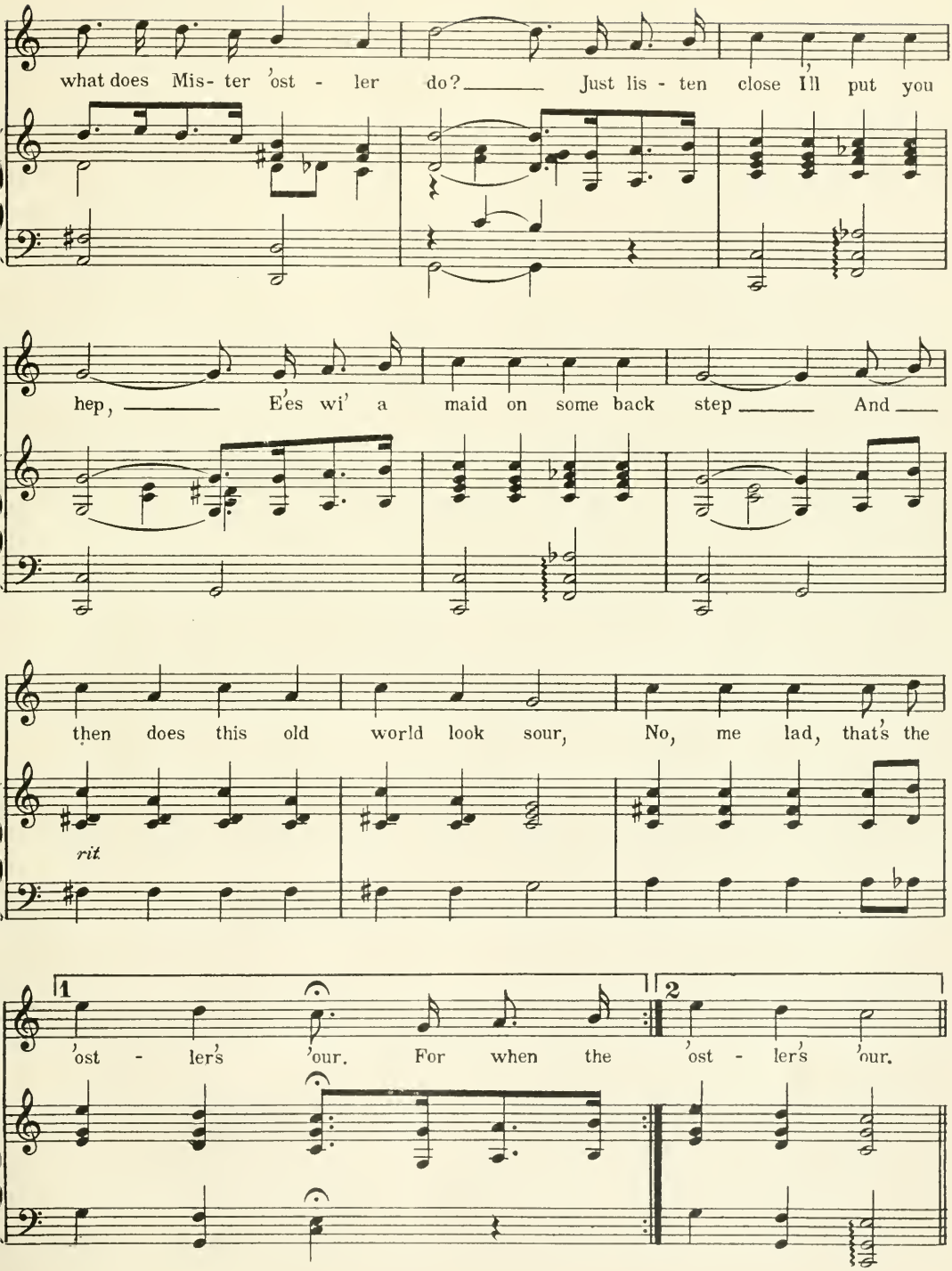
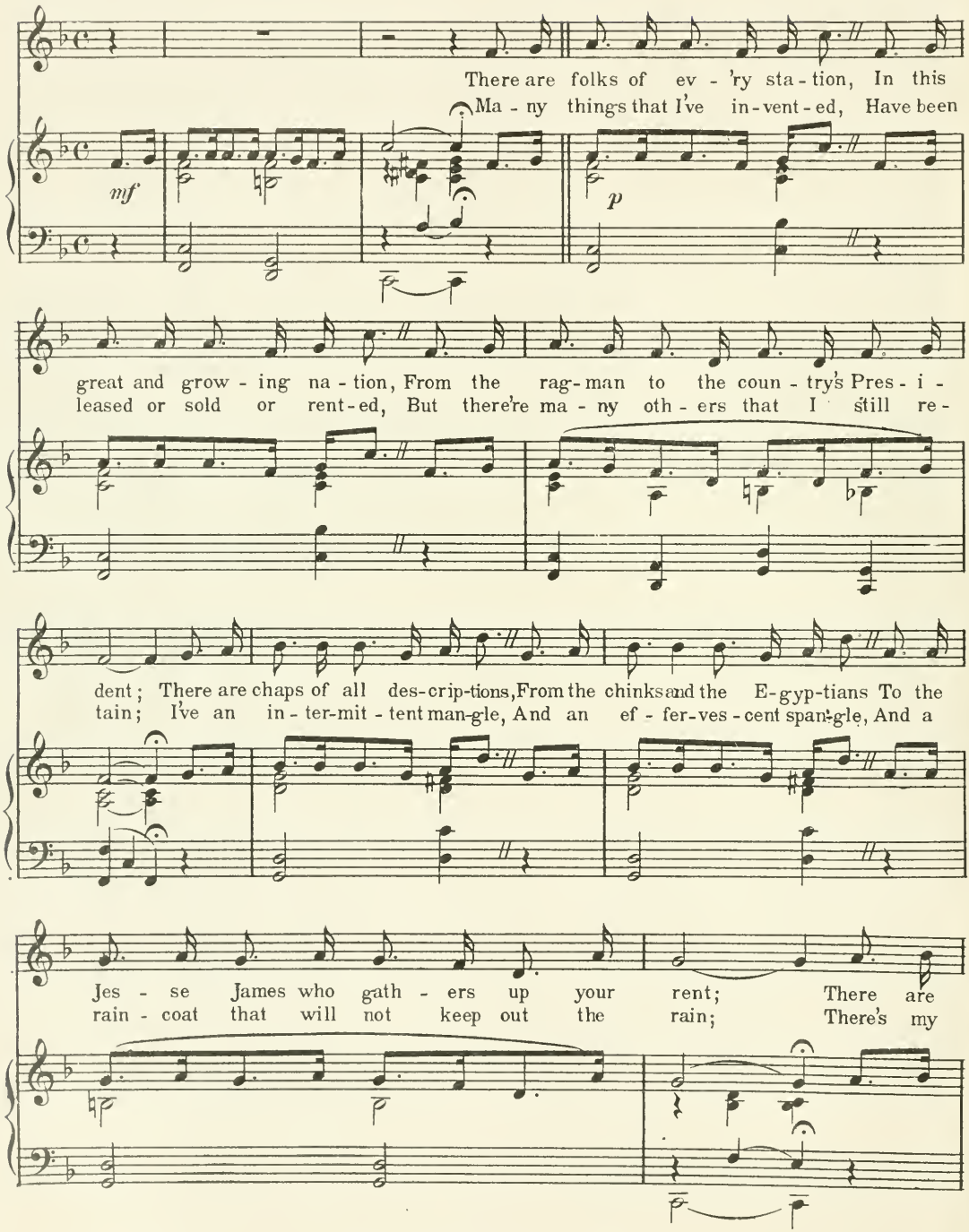

'ors - es For 'im no ro - sy bow'r, But then, hat that, come
cheer-i - o, The 'ost - ler 'as 'is 'our, For when the
CHORUS
eve - nin chores is did, And wife's a stew-in' the eve - nin
p-f
stew Ee does - n't do as 'e's been bid Then


what does Mis- ter 'ost - ler do? Just lis - ten close I'll put you
hep, E'es wi' a maid on some back step And
then does this old world look sour, No, me lad, that's the
rit
1
'ost - ler's 'our. For when the
2
'ost - ler's 'our.

The Inventor

Words by
G.V. BUCHANAN

Music by
BILL DONAHUE



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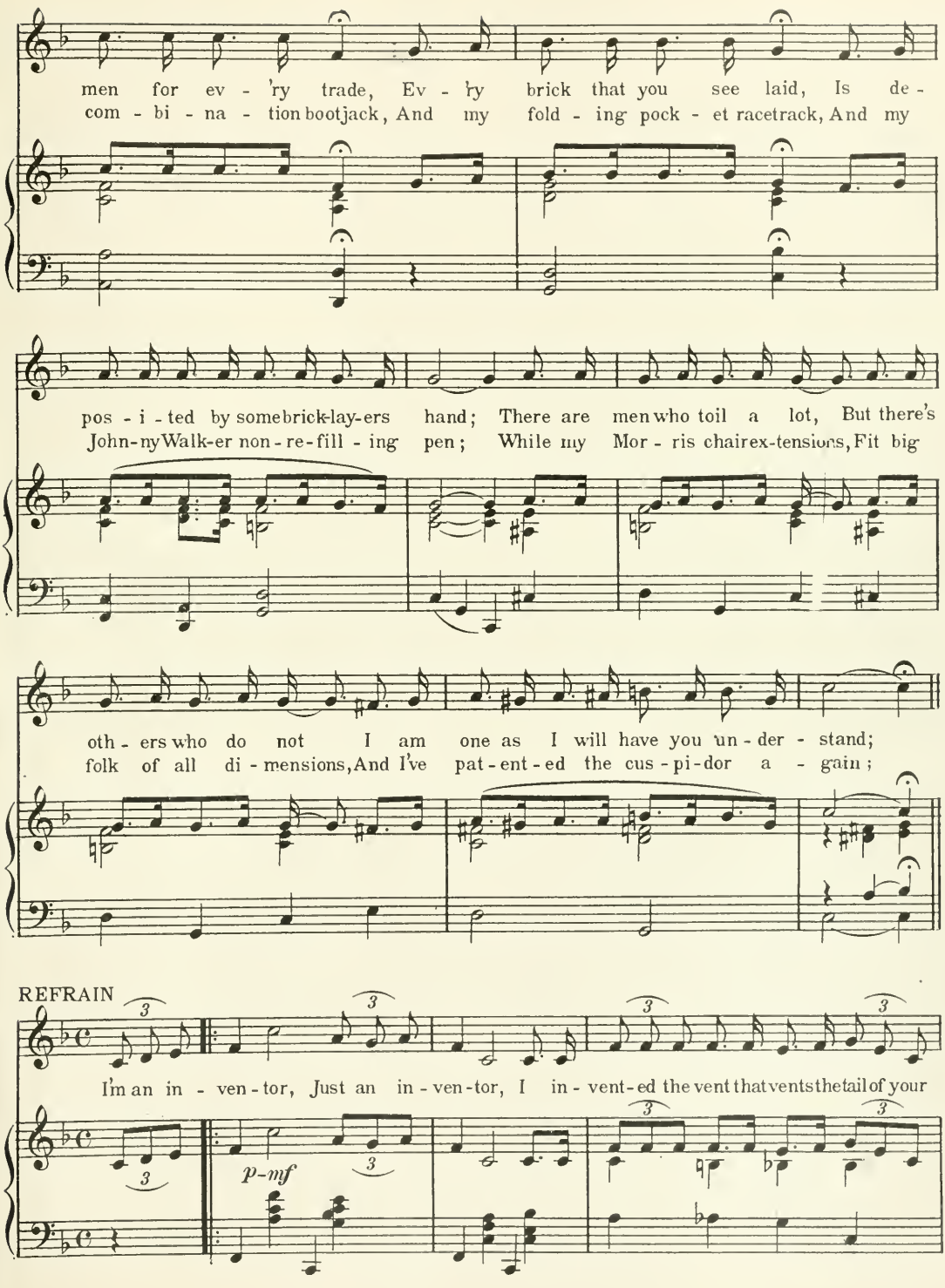
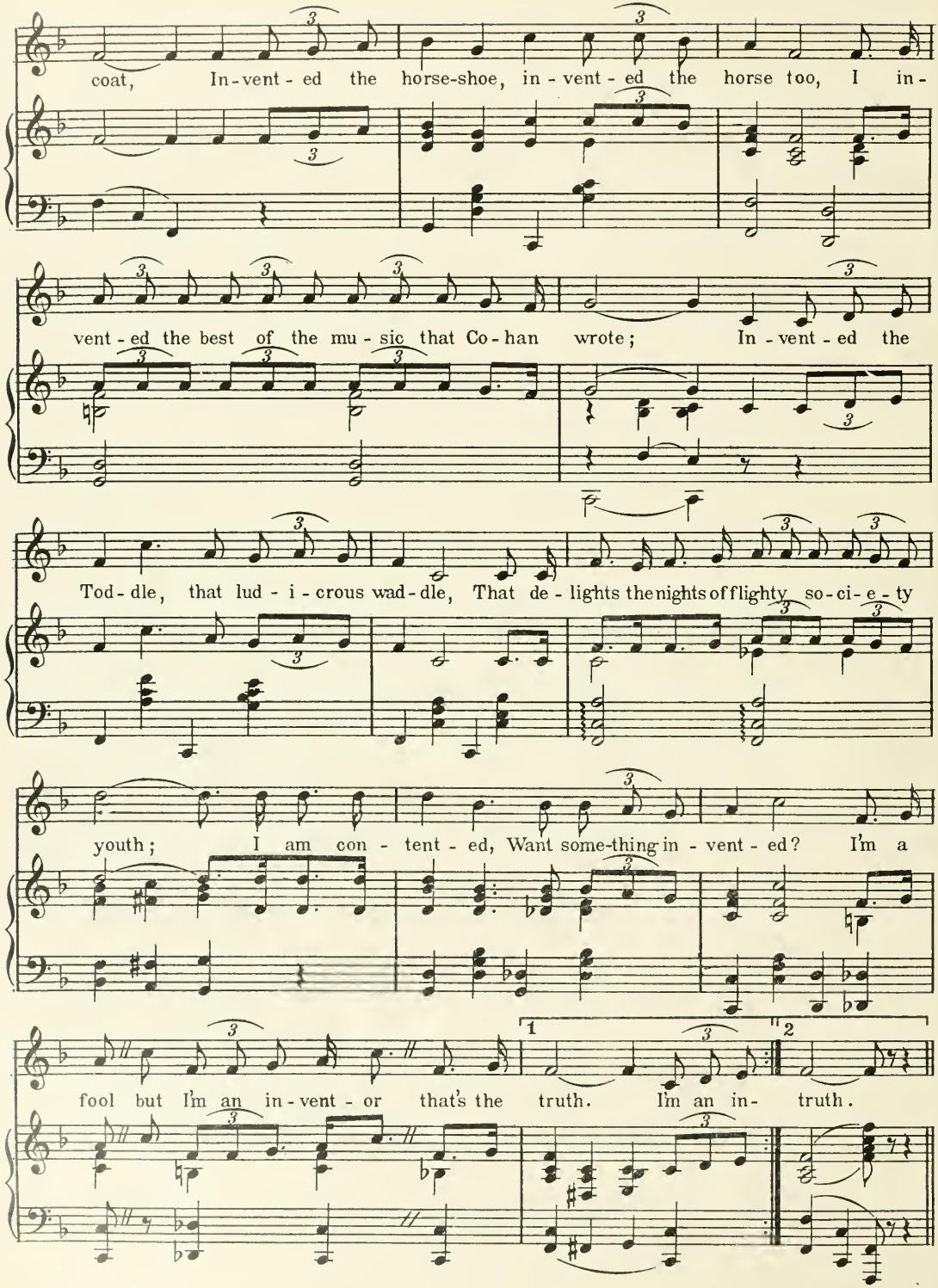

men for ev - 'ry trade, Ev - 'ry brick that you see laid, Is de -
com - bi - na - tion bootjack, And my fold - ing pock - et racetrack, And my
pos - i - ted by some brick-lay-ers hand; There are men who toil a lot, But there's
John-ny Walk-er non - re-fill - ing pen; While my Mor - ris chair ex-tensions, Fit big
oth - ers who do not I am one as I will have you un - der - stand;
folk of all di - mensions, And I've pat - ent - ed the cus - pi-dor a - gain;
REFRAIN
I'm an in - ven - tor, Just an in - ven - tor, I in - vent - ed the vent that vents the tail of your
p-mf

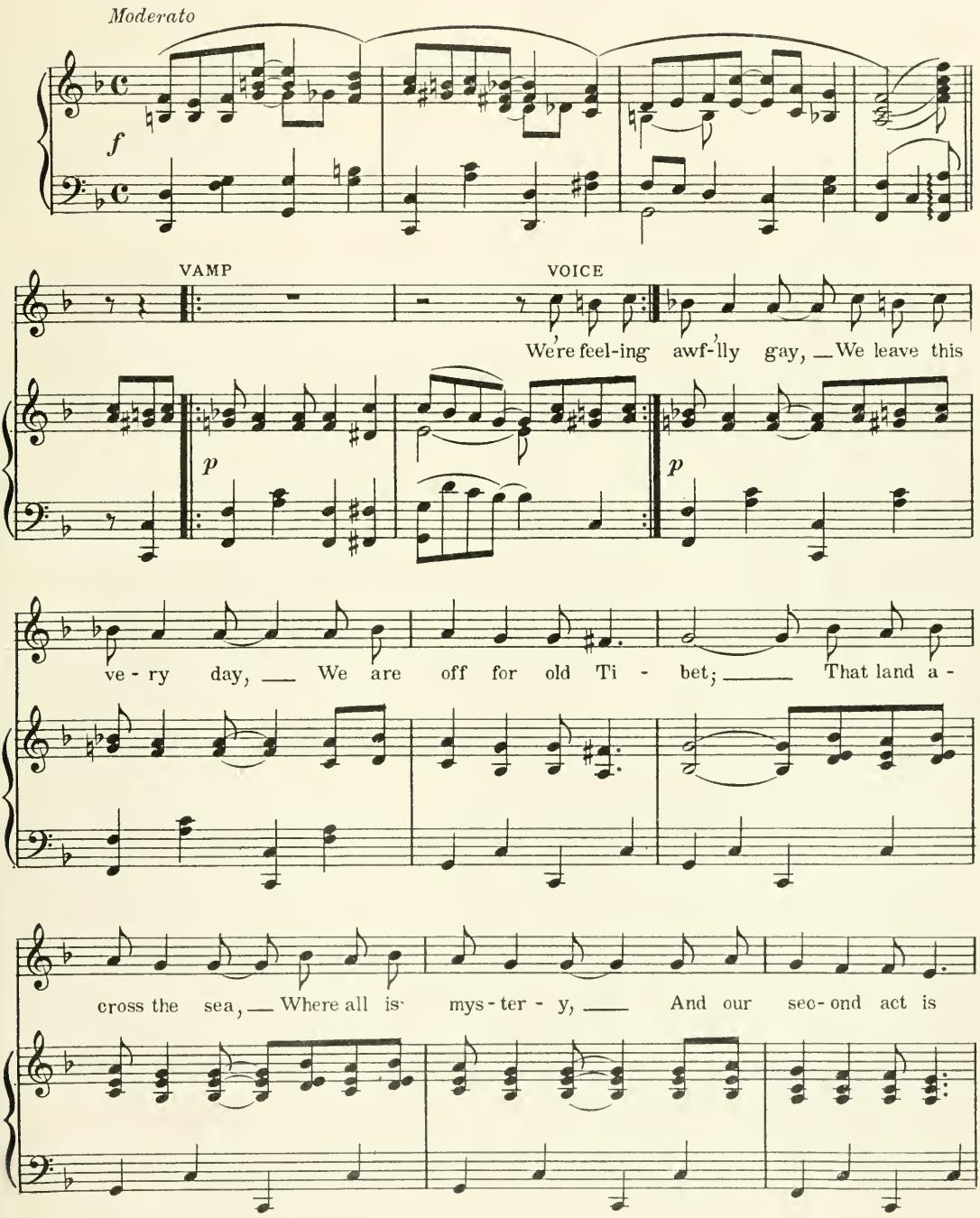

coat, In-vent-ed the horse-shoe, in-vent-ed the horse too, I in-
vent-ed the best of the mu-sic that Co-han wrote; In-vent-ed the
Tod-dle, that lud-i-crous wad-dle, That de-lights the nights of flighty so-ci-e-ty
youth; I am con-tent-ed, Want some-thing in-vent-ed? I'm a
fool but I'm an in-vent-or that's the truth. I'm an in- truth.
1
2

Wait 'Til Your Sweetie Gets Back

Words by
G.V. BUCHANAN

Music by
BILL DONAHUE

Moderato



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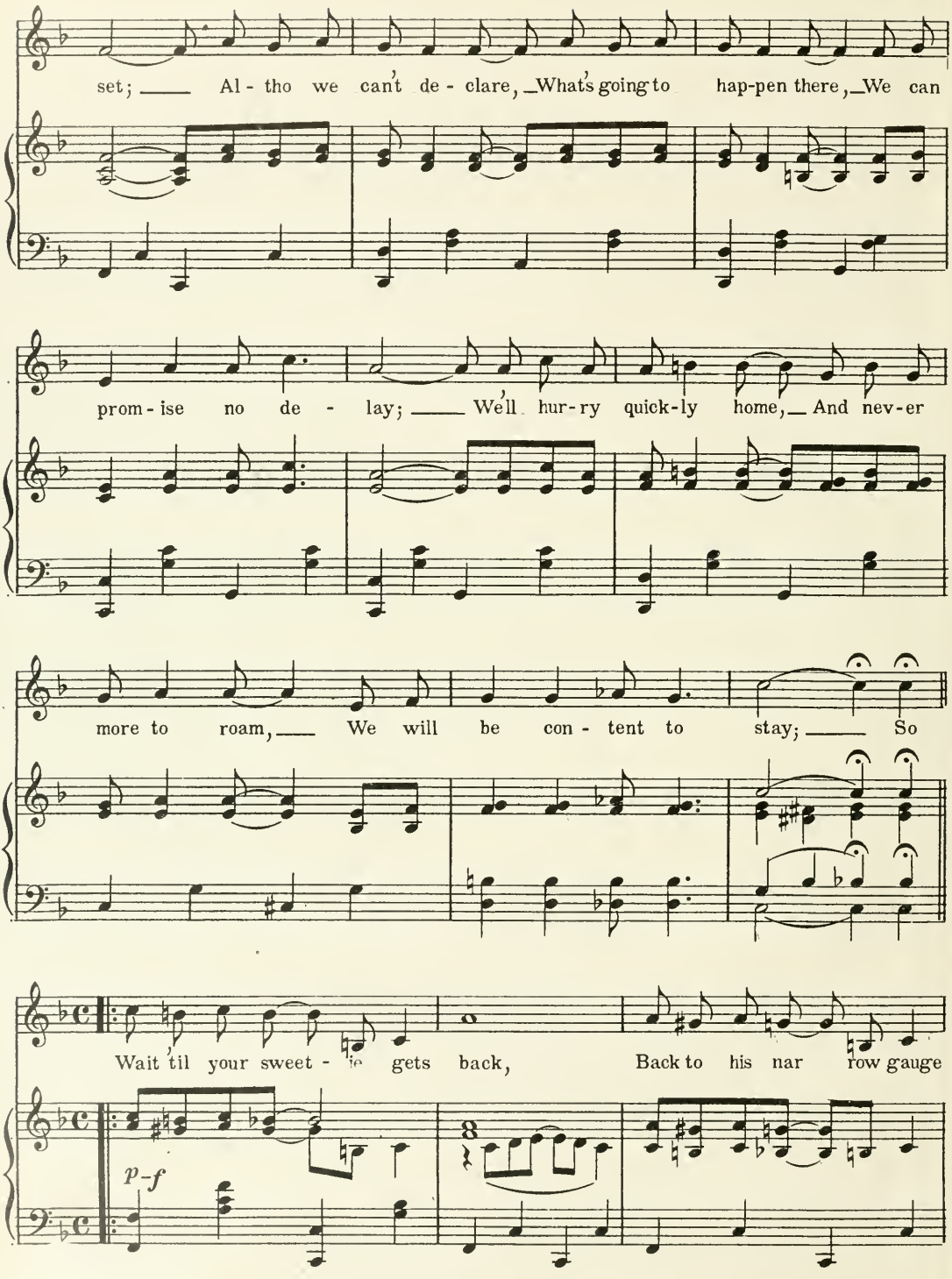
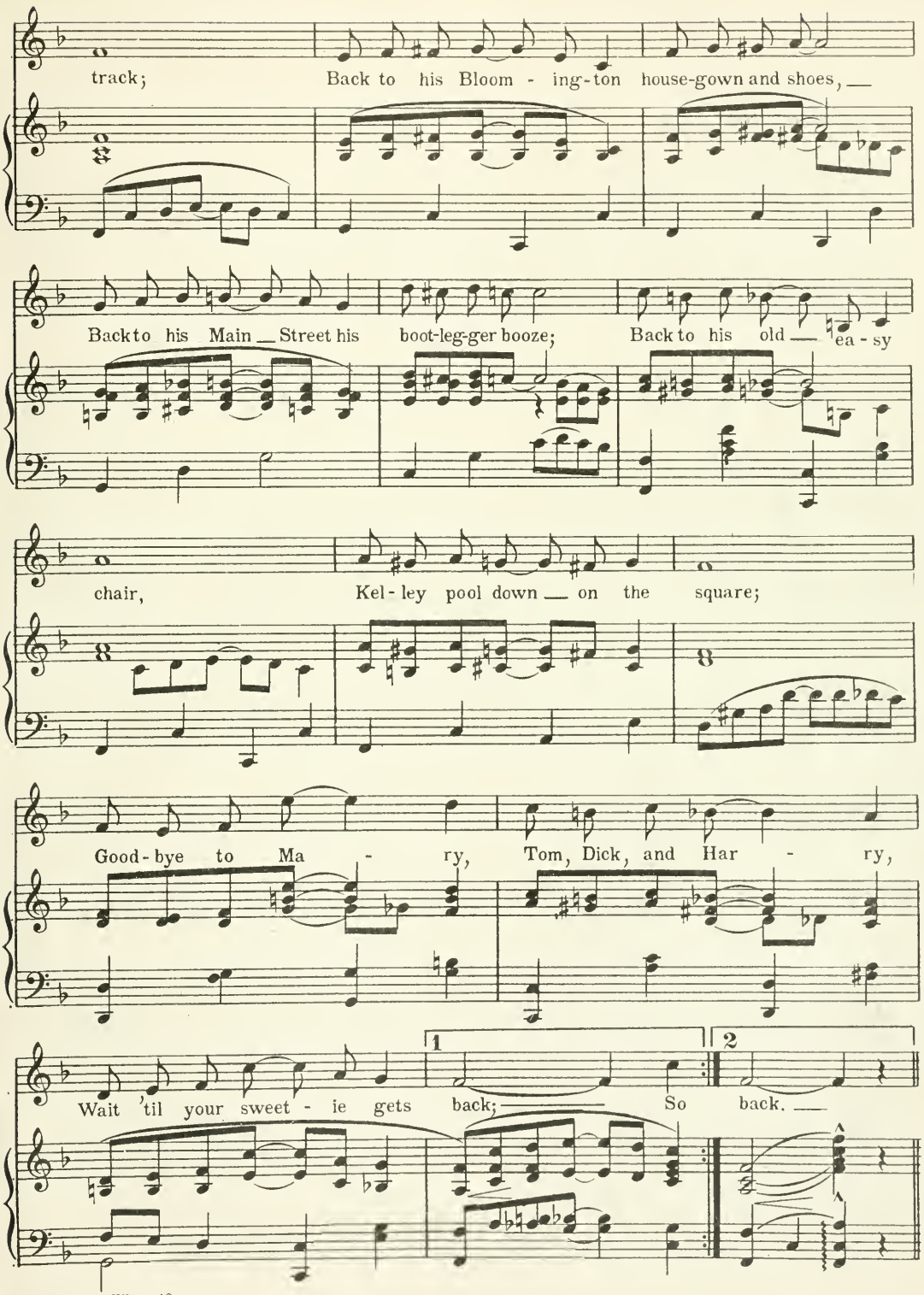

set; ___ Al - tho we can't de - clare, What's going to hap-pen there, We can
prom - ise no de - lay; ___ We'll hur-ry quick-ly home, And nev-er
more to roam, ___ We will be con - tent to stay; ___ So
Wait til your sweet - ie gets back, Back to his nar row gauge
p-f

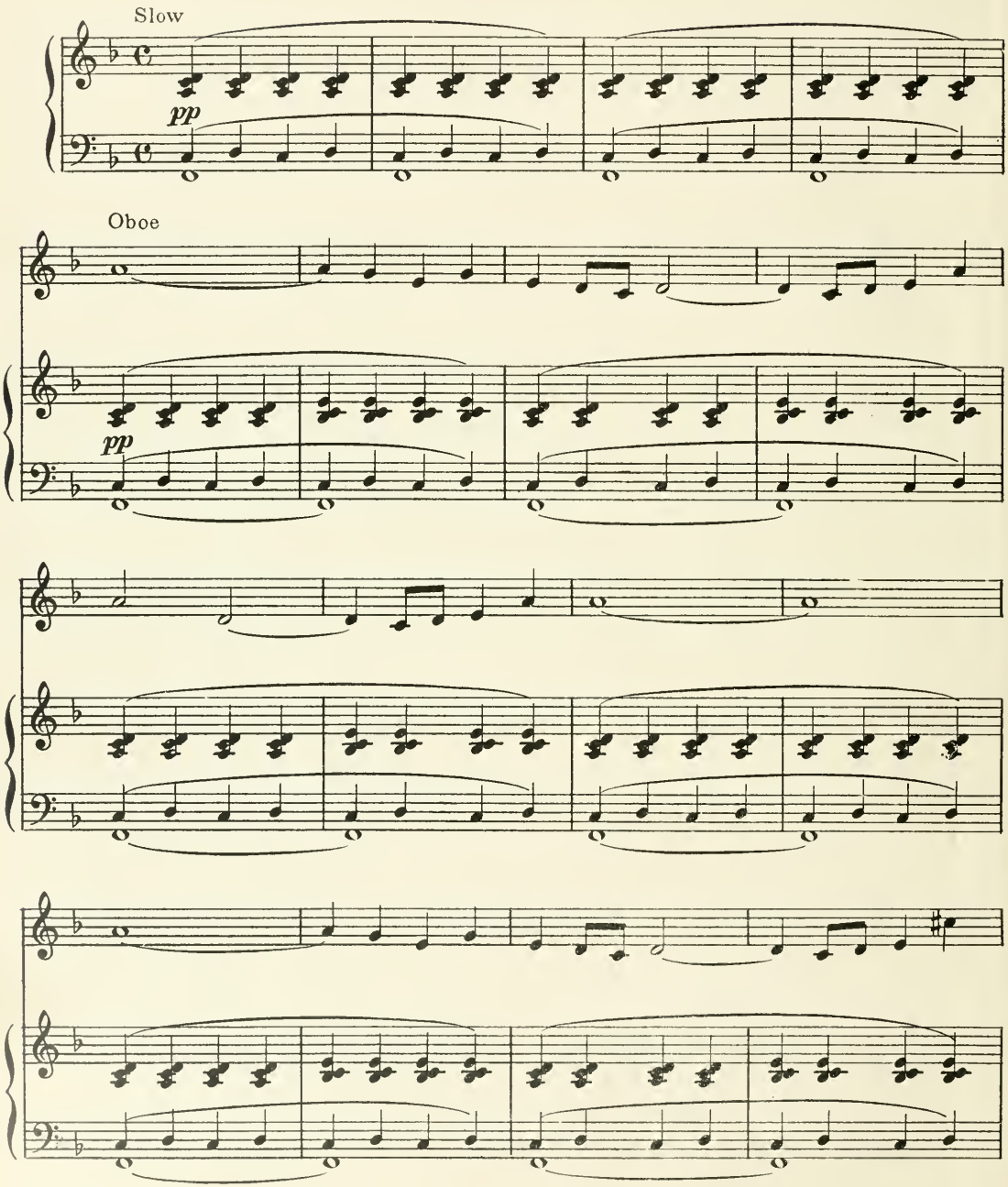

track; Back to his Bloom - ing-ton house-gown and shoes, —
Back to his Main — Street his boot-leg-ger booze; Back to his old — ea - sy
chair, Kel - ley pool down — on the square;
Good - bye to Ma - ry, Tom, Dick, and Har - ry,
1
2
Wait 'til your sweet - ie gets back; — So back. —

SECOND ACT

The Garden Of Pan

Words by
TED BOURLAND

Music by
BILL DONAHUE



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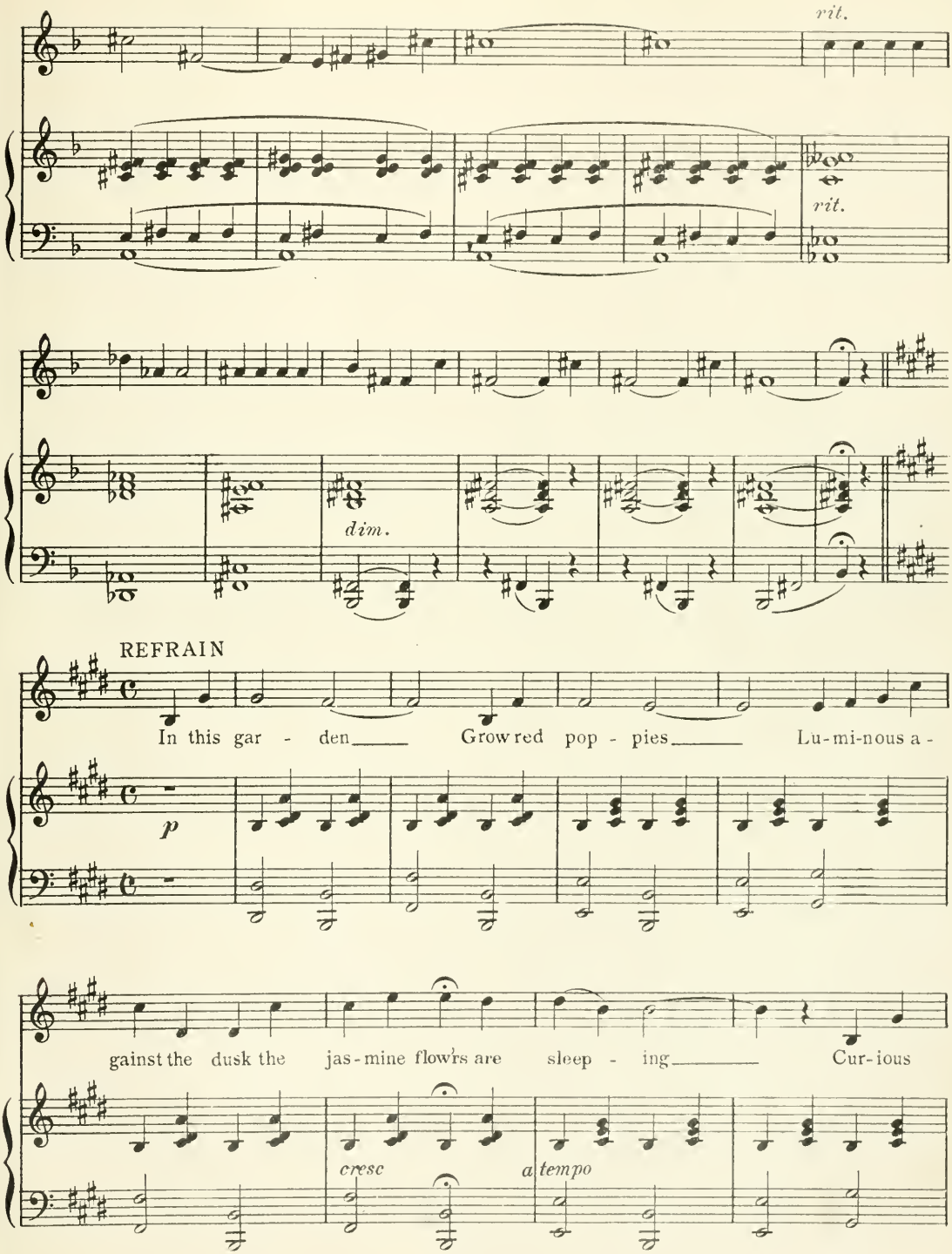
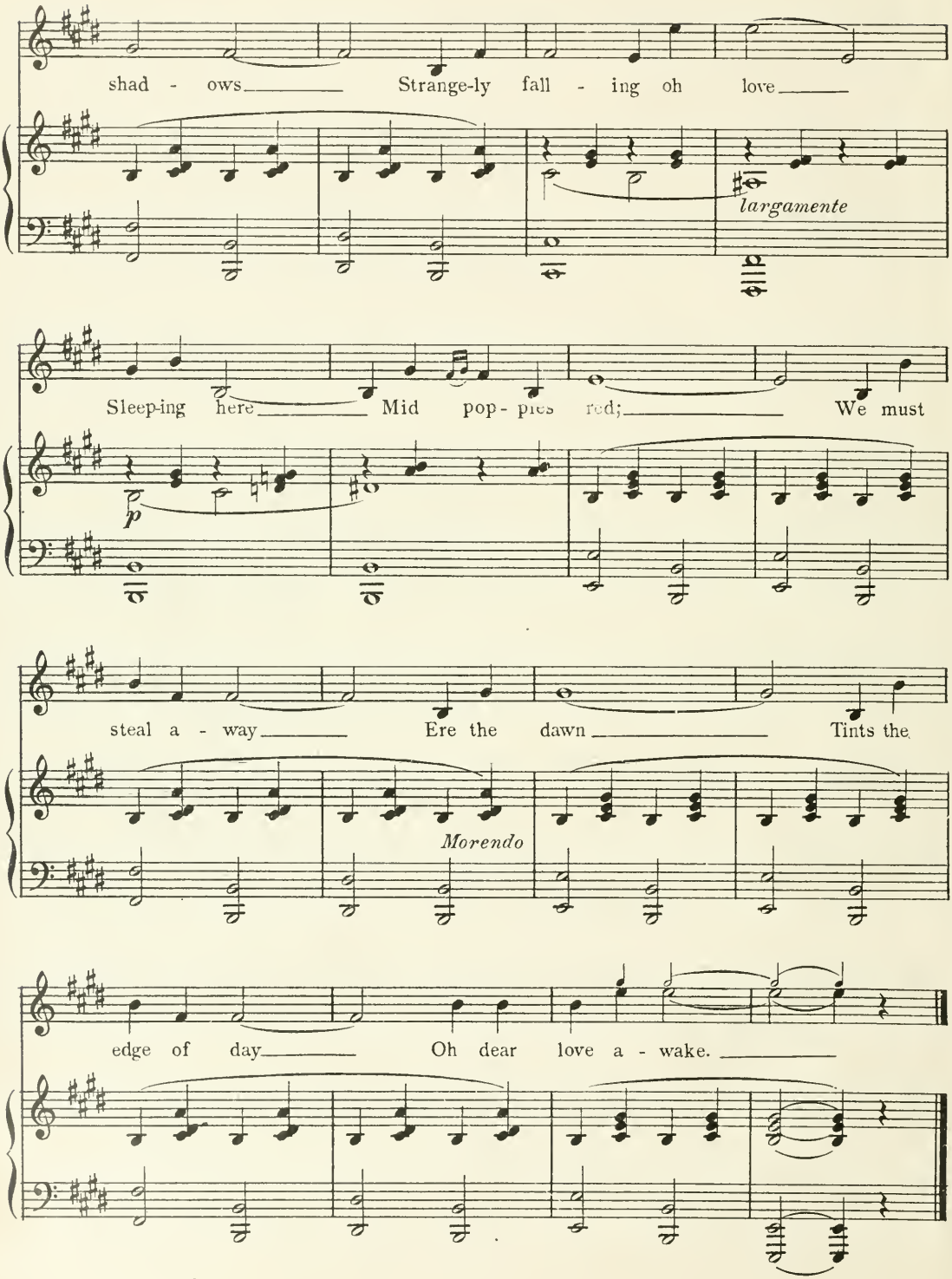
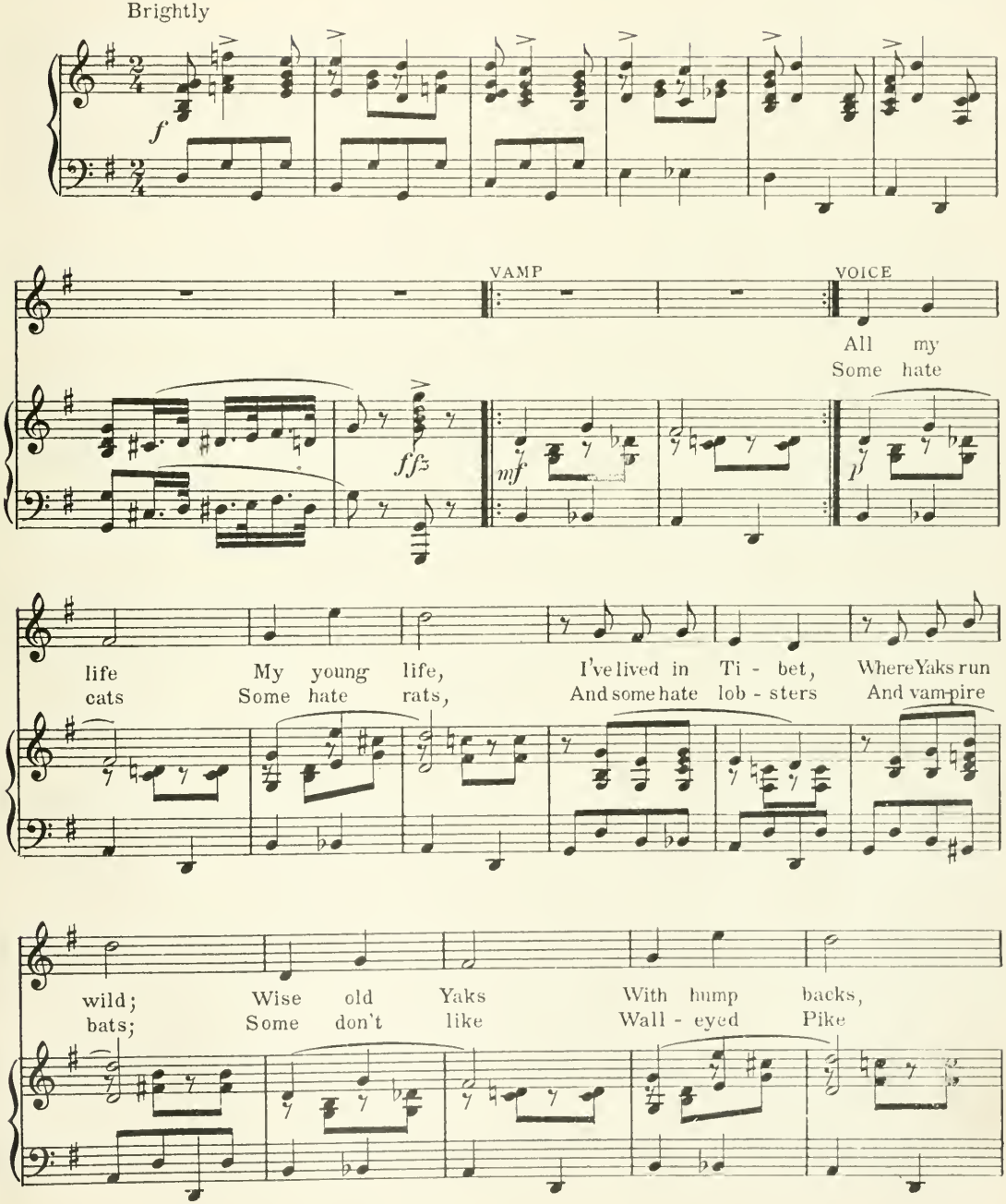

rit.
rit.
dim.
REFRAIN
In this gar - den Grow red pop - pies Lu-mi-nous a -
p
gainst the dusk the jas-mine flow'rs are sleep - ing Cur-ious
cresc
a tempo


shad - ows Strange-ly fall - ing oh love
largamente
Sleep-ing here Mid pop- pies red; We must
p
steal a - way Ere the dawn Tints the
Morendo
edge of day Oh dear love a - wake.

Land Of The Yak

Lyrics by
TED BOURLAND

Music by
BILL DONAHUE



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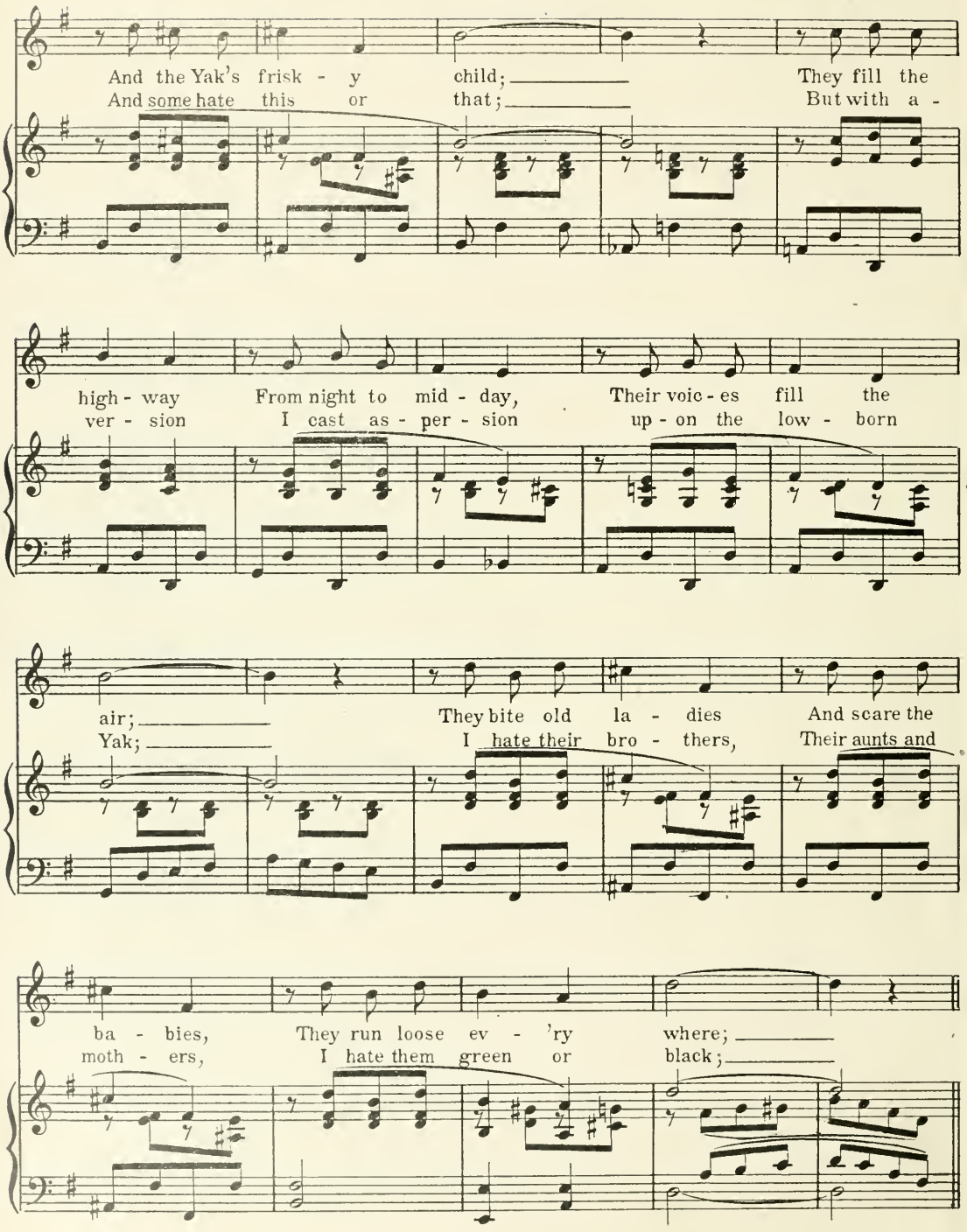
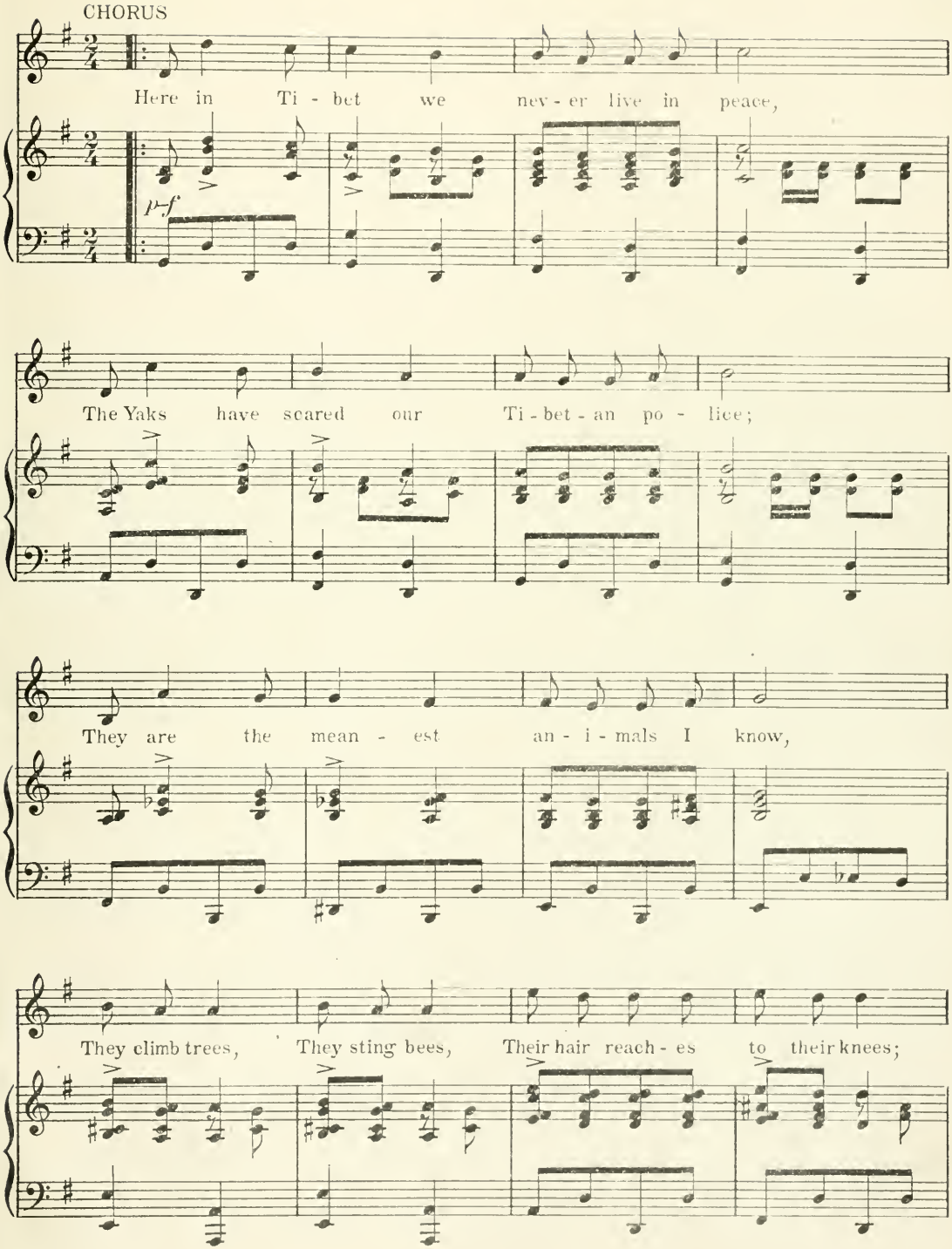
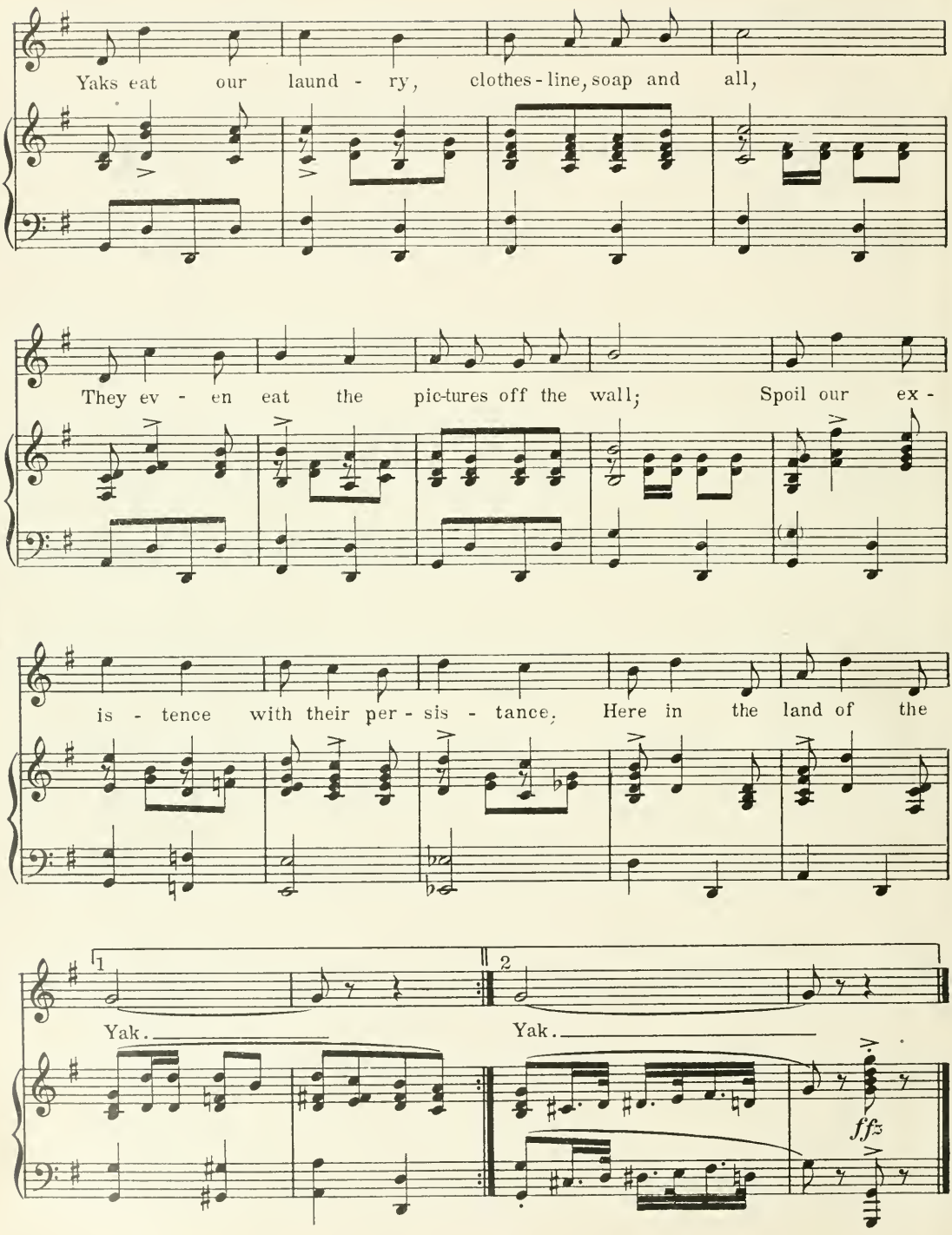

And the Yak's frisk - y child; They fill the
And some hate this or that; But with a -
high - way From night to mid - day, Their voic - es fill the
ver - sion I cast as - per - sion up - on the low - born
air; They bite old la - dies And scare the
Yak; I hate their bro - thers, Their aunts and
ba - bies, They run loose ev - 'ry where;
moth - ers, I hate them green or black;


CHORUS
Here in Ti - bet we nev - er live in peace,
p-f
The Yaks have scared our Ti - bet - an po - lice;
They are the mean - est an - i - mals I know,
They climb trees, They sting bees, Their hair reach - es to their knees;


Yaks eat our laund - ry, clothes-line, soap and all,
They ev - en eat the pic-tures off the wall; Spoil our ex -
is - tence with their per - sis - tance. Here in the land of the
1
2
Yak.
Yak.
ffz

I Could Never Find Another Girl Like You

Lyrics by
BILL DONAHUE
TED BOURLAND

Music by
BILL DONAHUE

Very Slow

In a tem - ple in Ti - bet To the click of cas - ti - net
That same sto - ried East - ern maid By that stran-ger's look dis - mayed

L.H.

Danced an Eastern maid - en ev - 'ry day One day came a strang-er there
Blushed and faltered near - ly did she weep So she fal-tered in the dance

8

L.H.

With some strange Ti - bet - an pray'r Saw the maid-en and for-got to pray Now
See - ing his a - dor - ing glance Knowing that her heart was his to keep And

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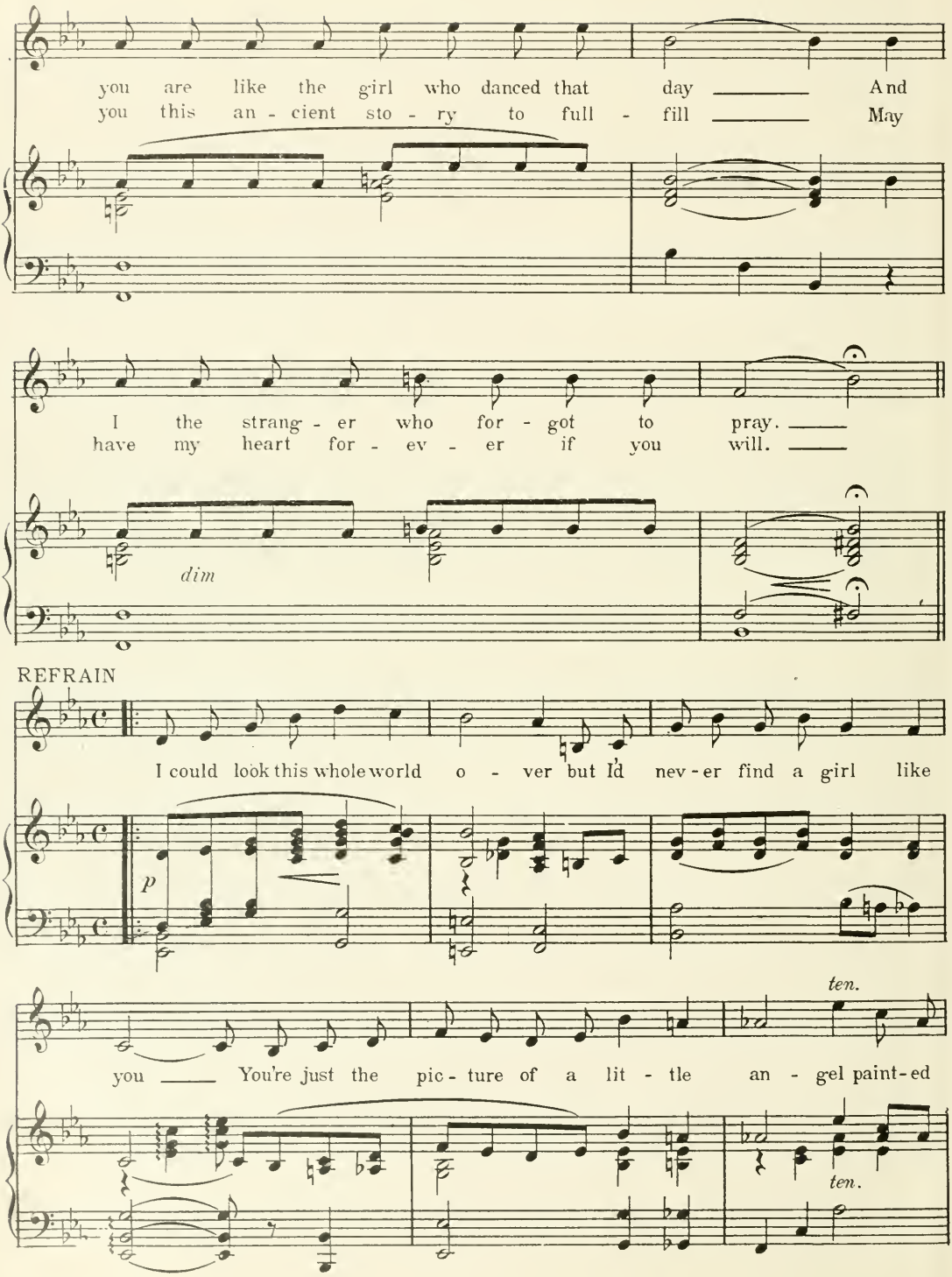
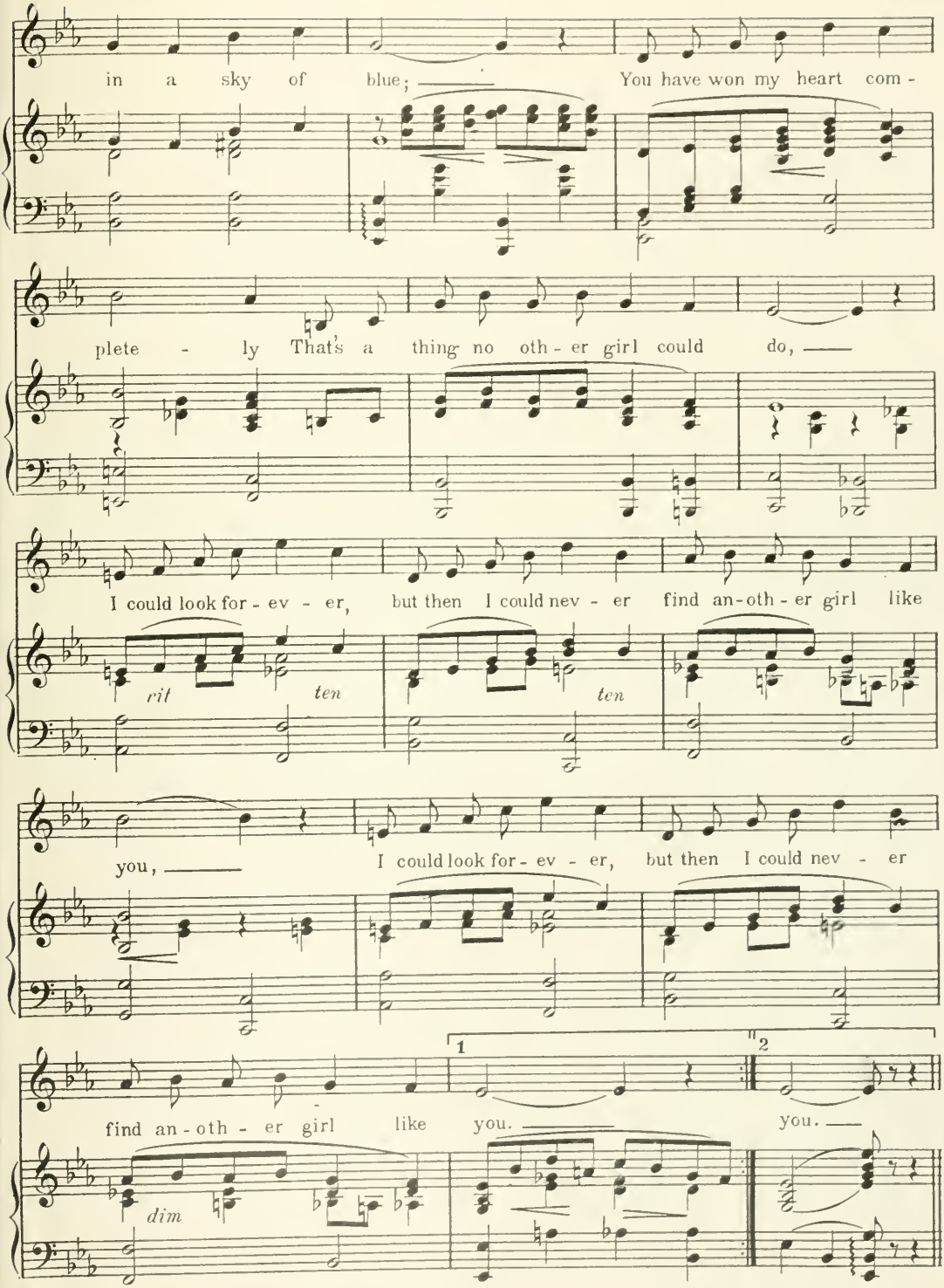
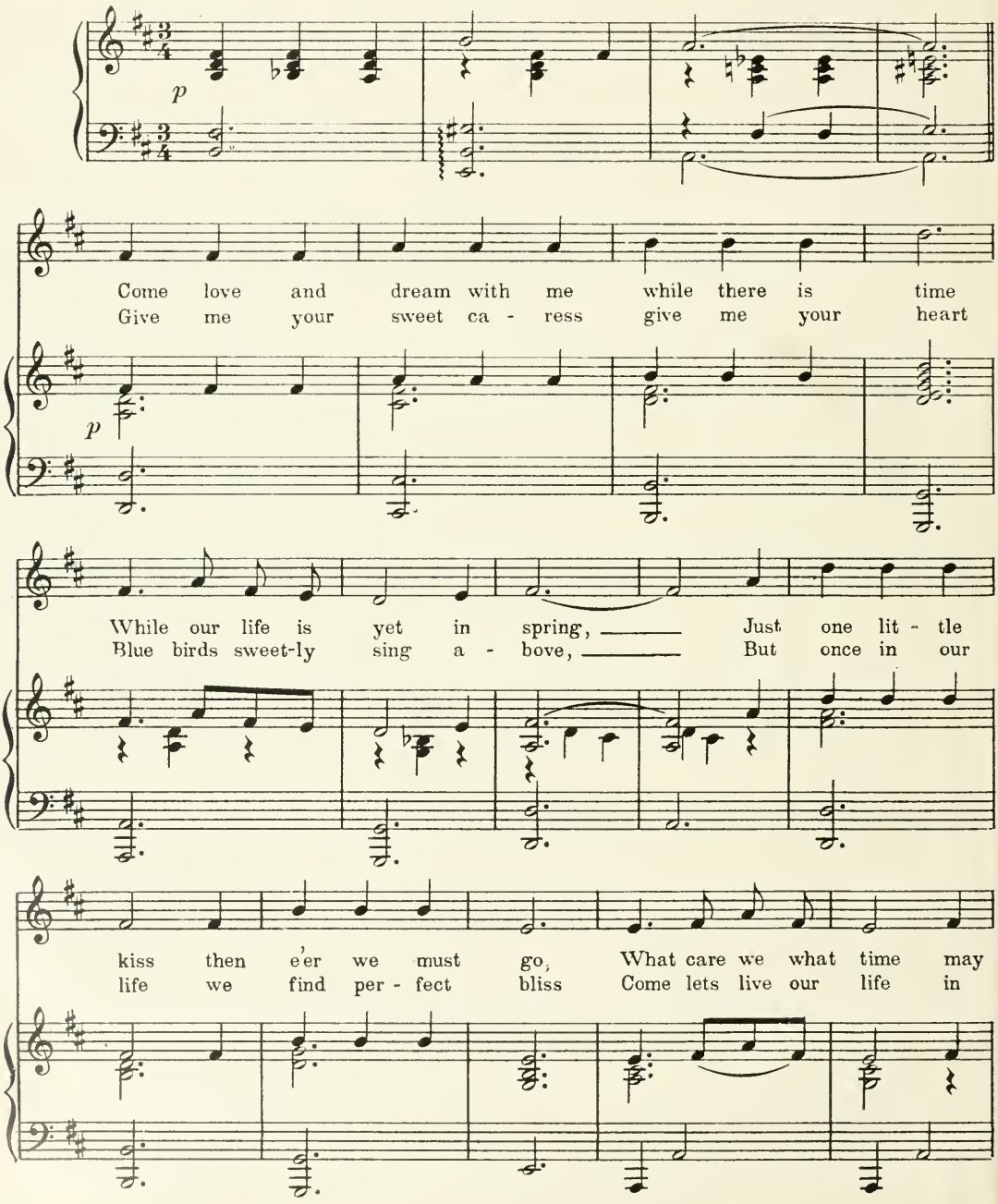

you are like the girl who danced that day And
you this an - cient sto - ry to full - fill May
I the strang - er who for - got to pray.
have my heart for - ev - er if you will.
dim
REFRAIN
I could look this whole world o - ver but I'd nev - er find a girl like
p
ten.
you You're just the pic - ture of a lit - tle an - gel paint - ed
ten.


in a sky of blue; ——— You have won my heart com -
plete - ly That's a thing no oth - er girl could do, ———
I could look for - ev - er, but then I could nev - er find an-oth - er girl like
rit ten ten
you, ——— I could look for - ev - er, but then I could nev - er
1 2
find an - oth - er girl like you. ——— you. ———
dim

"Just For Now"

Lyrics by
BUCHANAN, BOURLAND & TRIGGS.

Music by
HANK SCHOEFFLER



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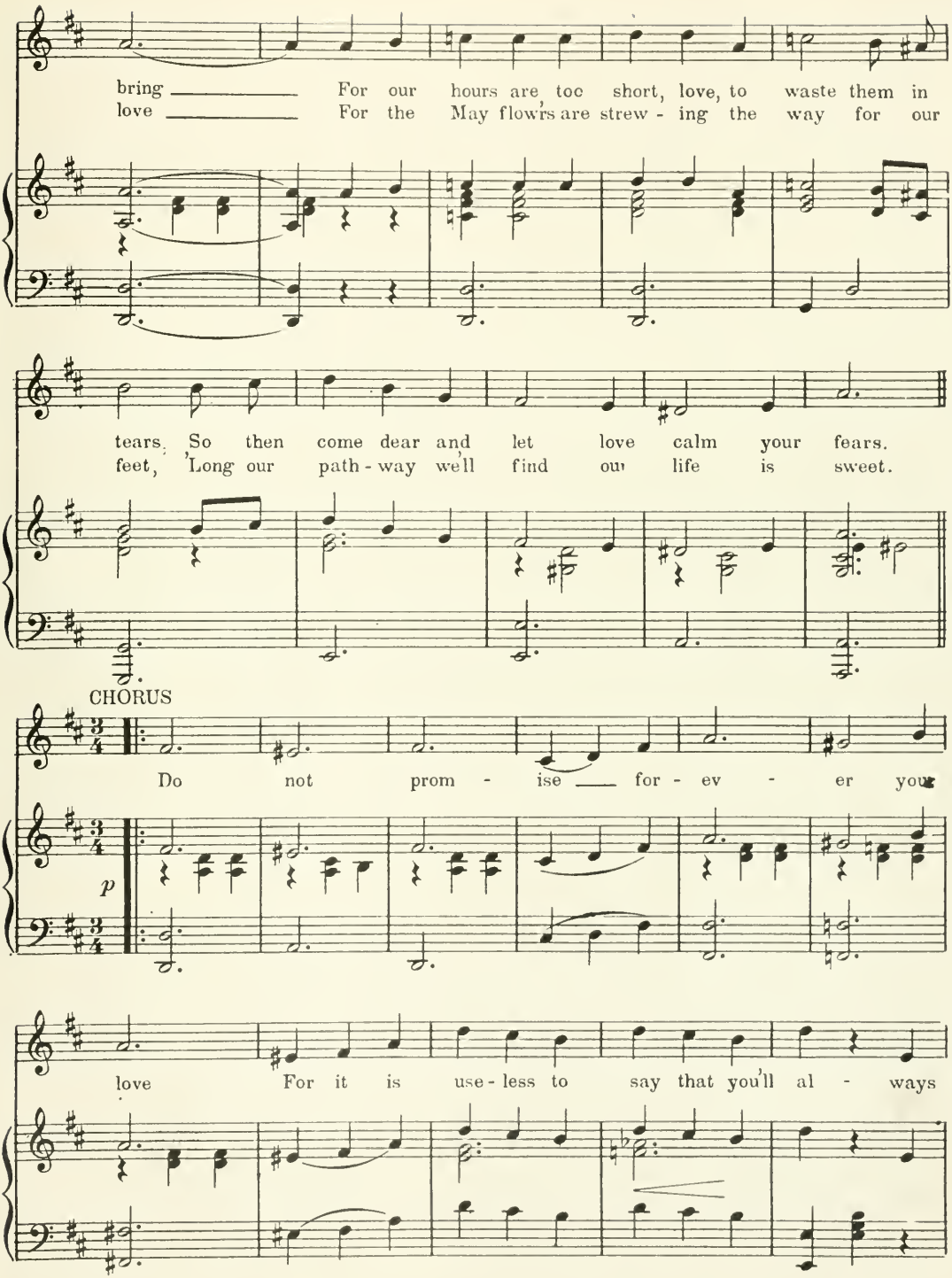
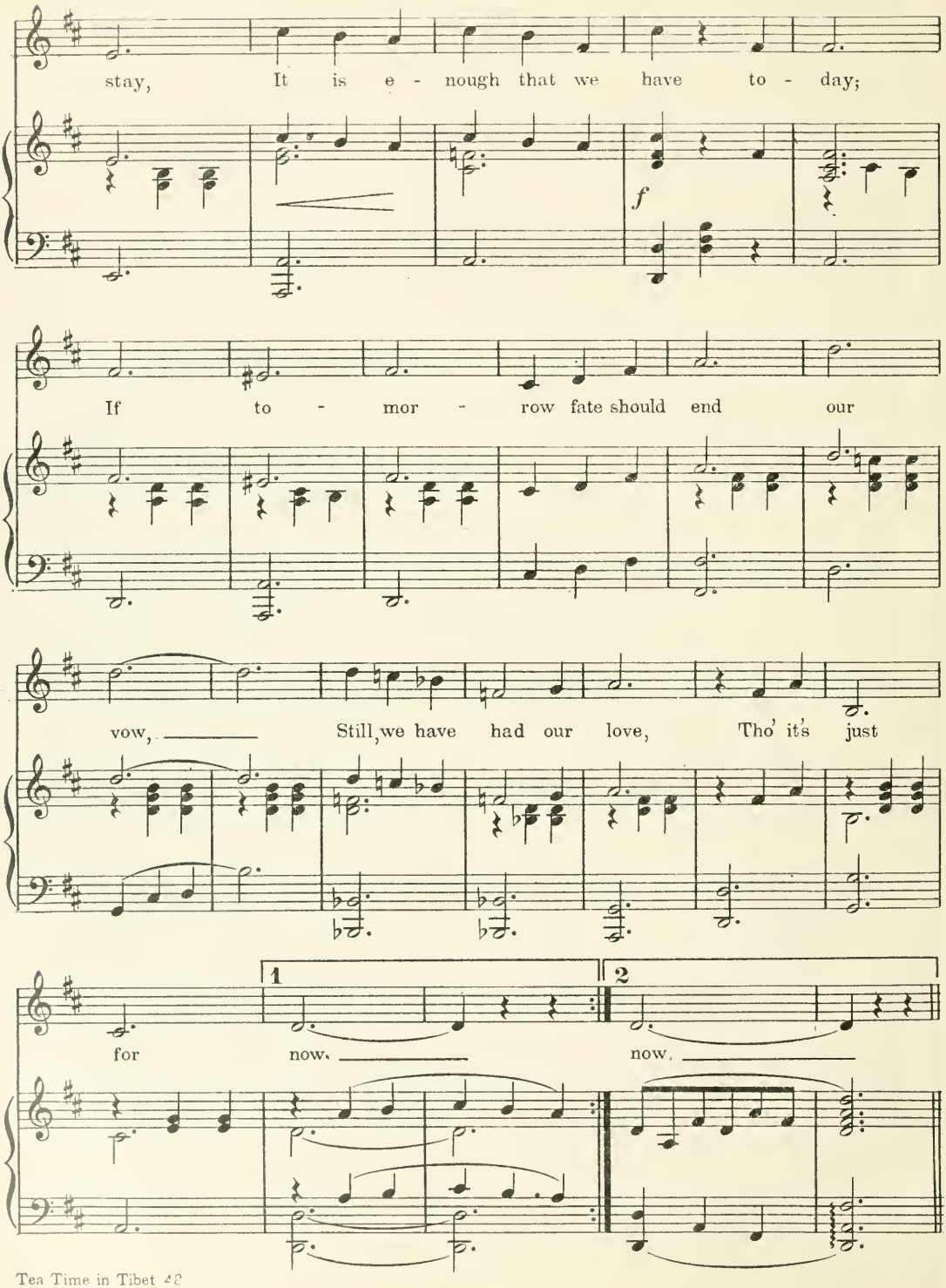
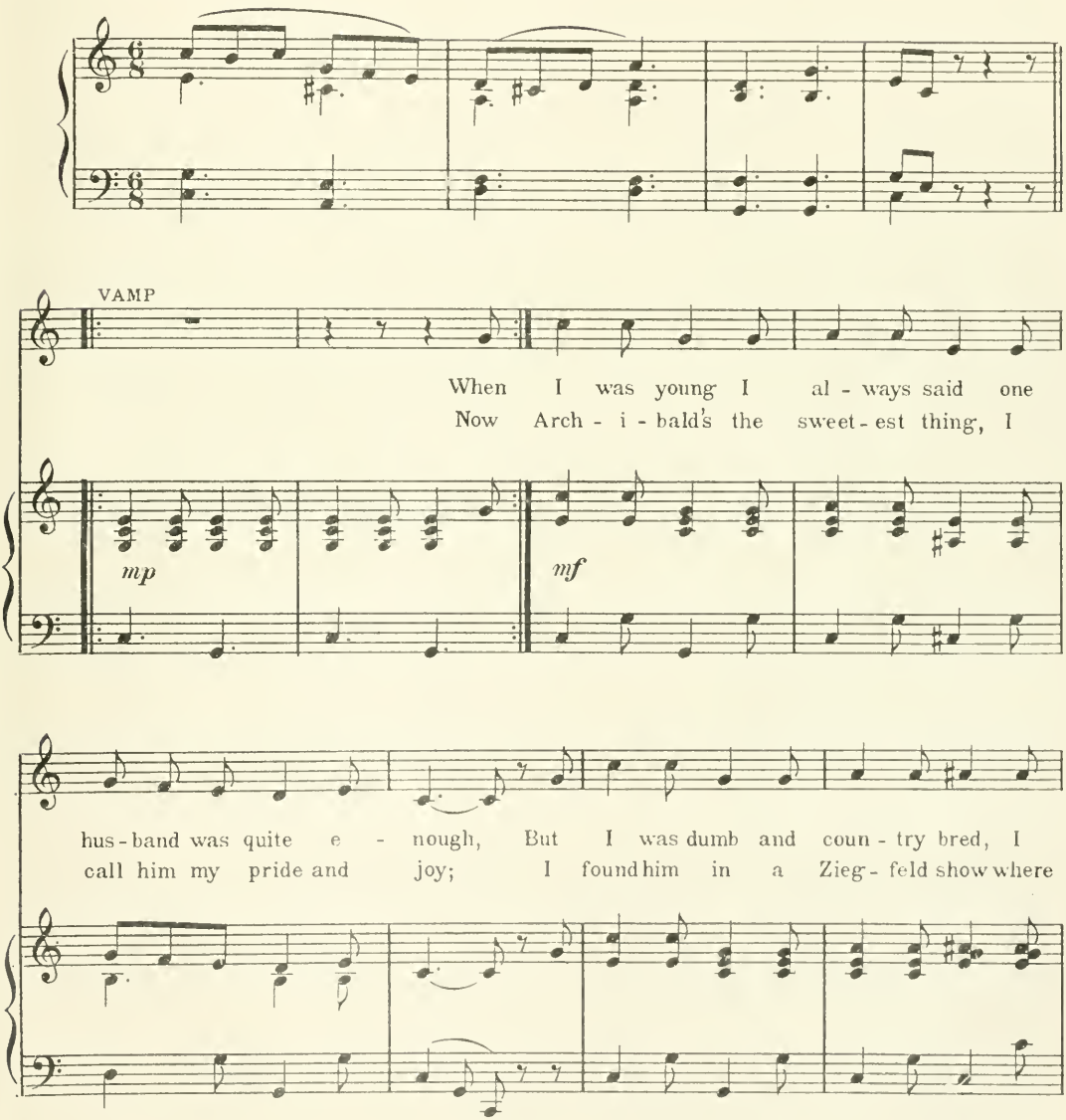

bring For our hours are too short, love, to waste them in
love For the May flow'rs are strew - ing the way for our
tears. So then come dear and let love calm your fears.
feet, 'Long our path - way we'll find our life is sweet.
CHORUS
Do not prom - ise for - ev - er your
p
love For it is use - less to say that you'll al - ways


stay, It is e - nough that we have to - day;
f
If to - mor - row fate should end our
vow, Still, we have had our love, Tho' it's just
1
2
for now, now,

Not Enough Ladies And Too Many Men

Lyrics by
G. V. BUCHANAN
TED BOURLAND

Music by
BILL DONAHUE



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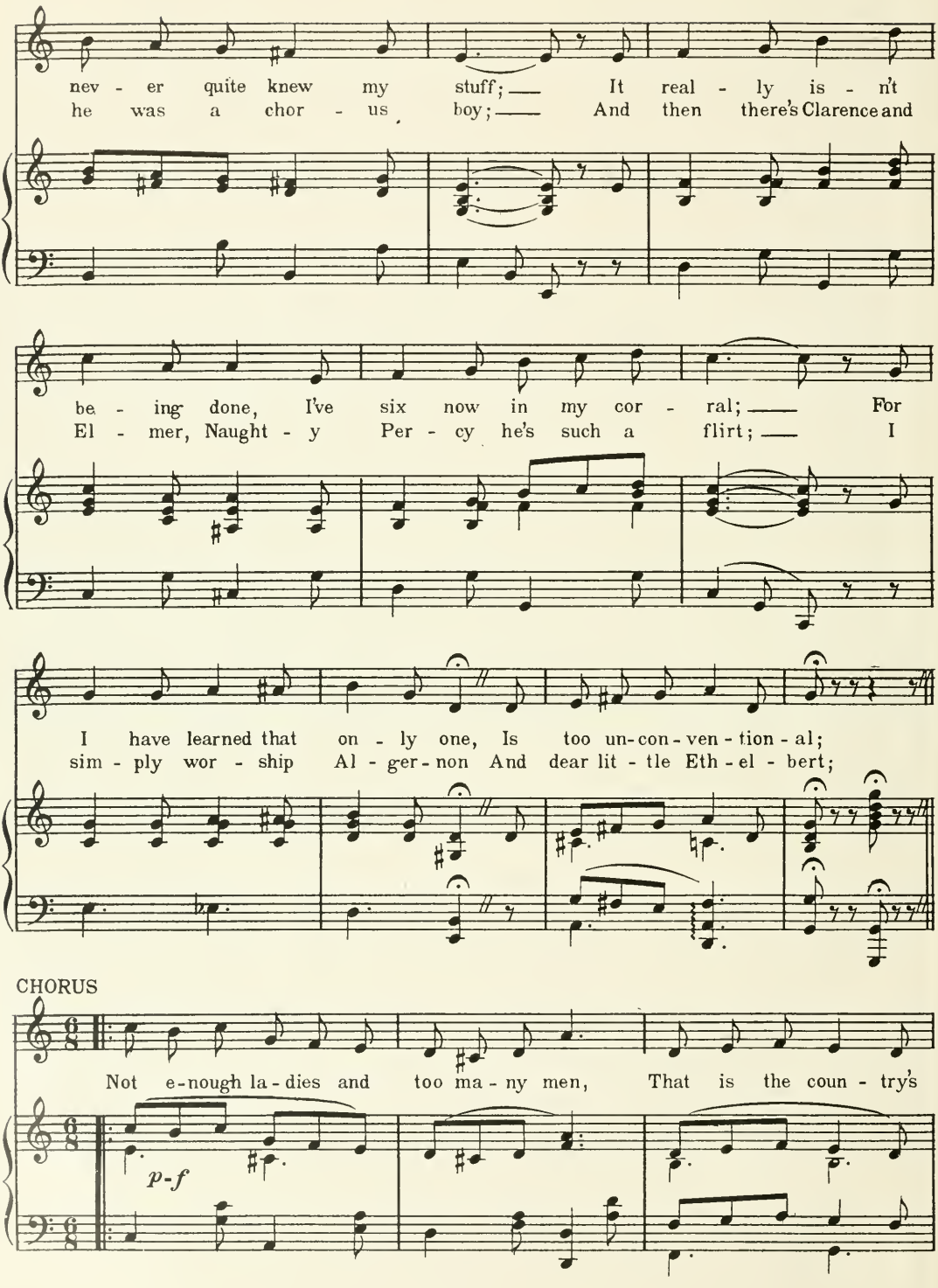
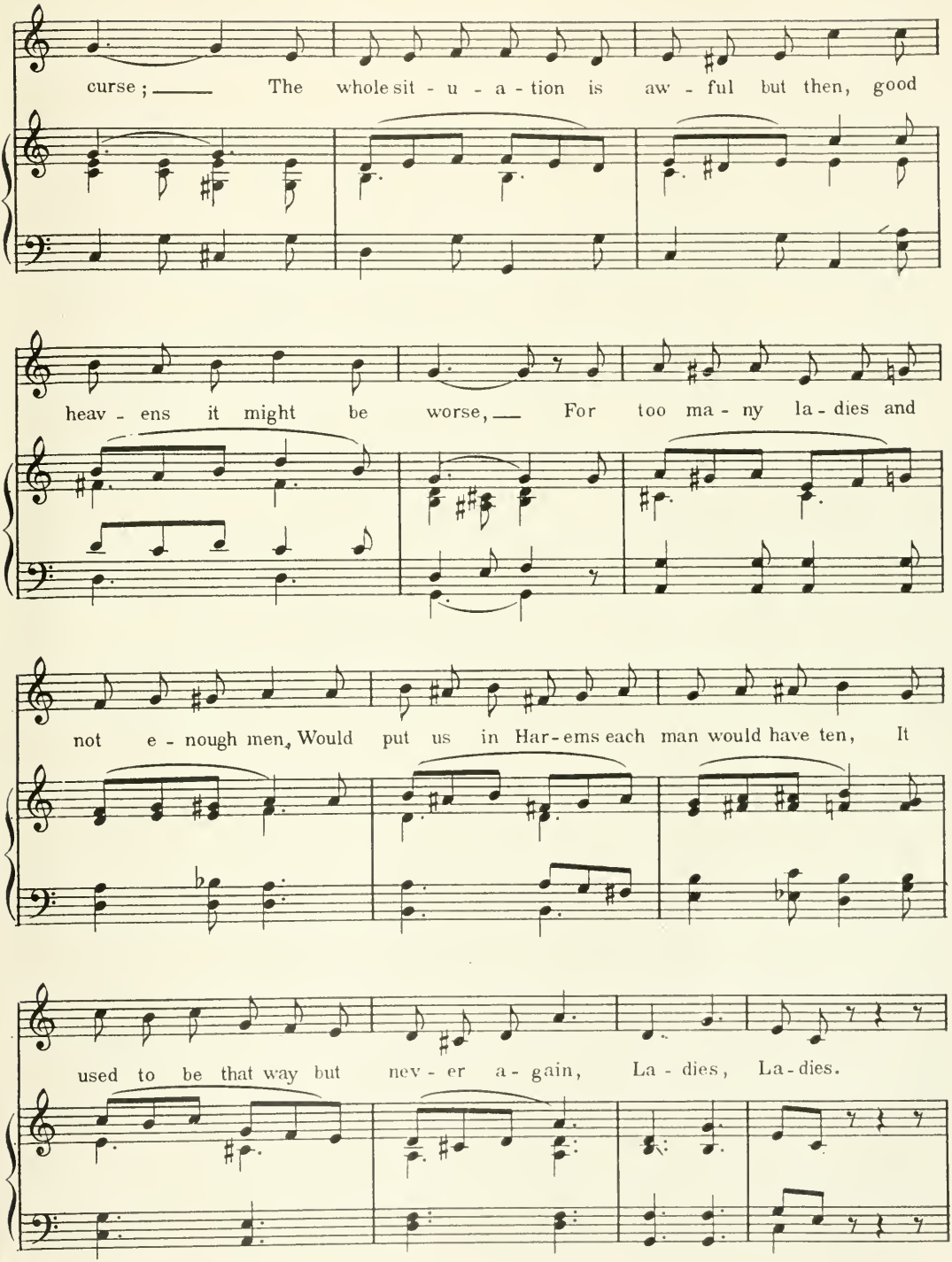
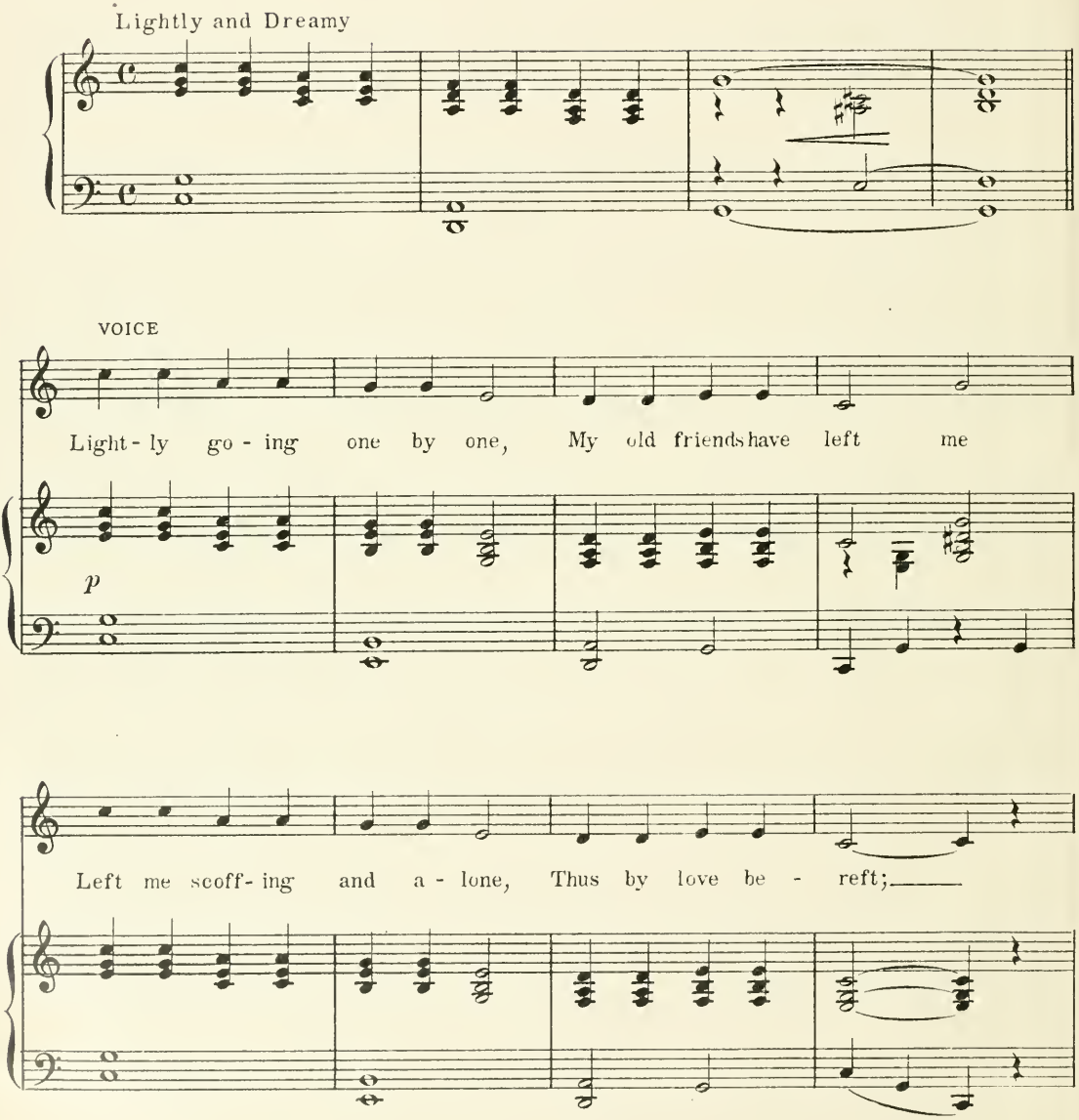

nev - er quite knew my stuff; — It real - ly is - n't
he was a chor - us boy; — And then there's Clarence and
be - ing done, I've six now in my cor - ral; — For
El - mer, Naught - y Per - cy he's such a flirt; — I
I have learned that on - ly one, Is too un-con - ven - tion - al;
sim - ply wor - ship Al - ger - non And dear lit - tle Eth - el - bert;
CHORUS
Not e-nough la-dies and too ma - ny men, That is the coun - try's
p-f


curse; The whole sit - u - a - tion is aw - ful but then, good
heav - ens it might be worse, For too ma - ny la - dies and
not e - nough men, Would put us in Har - ems each man would have ten, It
used to be that way but nev - er a - gain, La - dies, La - dies.

Things I Never Knew

Lyrics by
G. V. BUCHANAN

Music by
M. BLUMENTHAL and J. COPE



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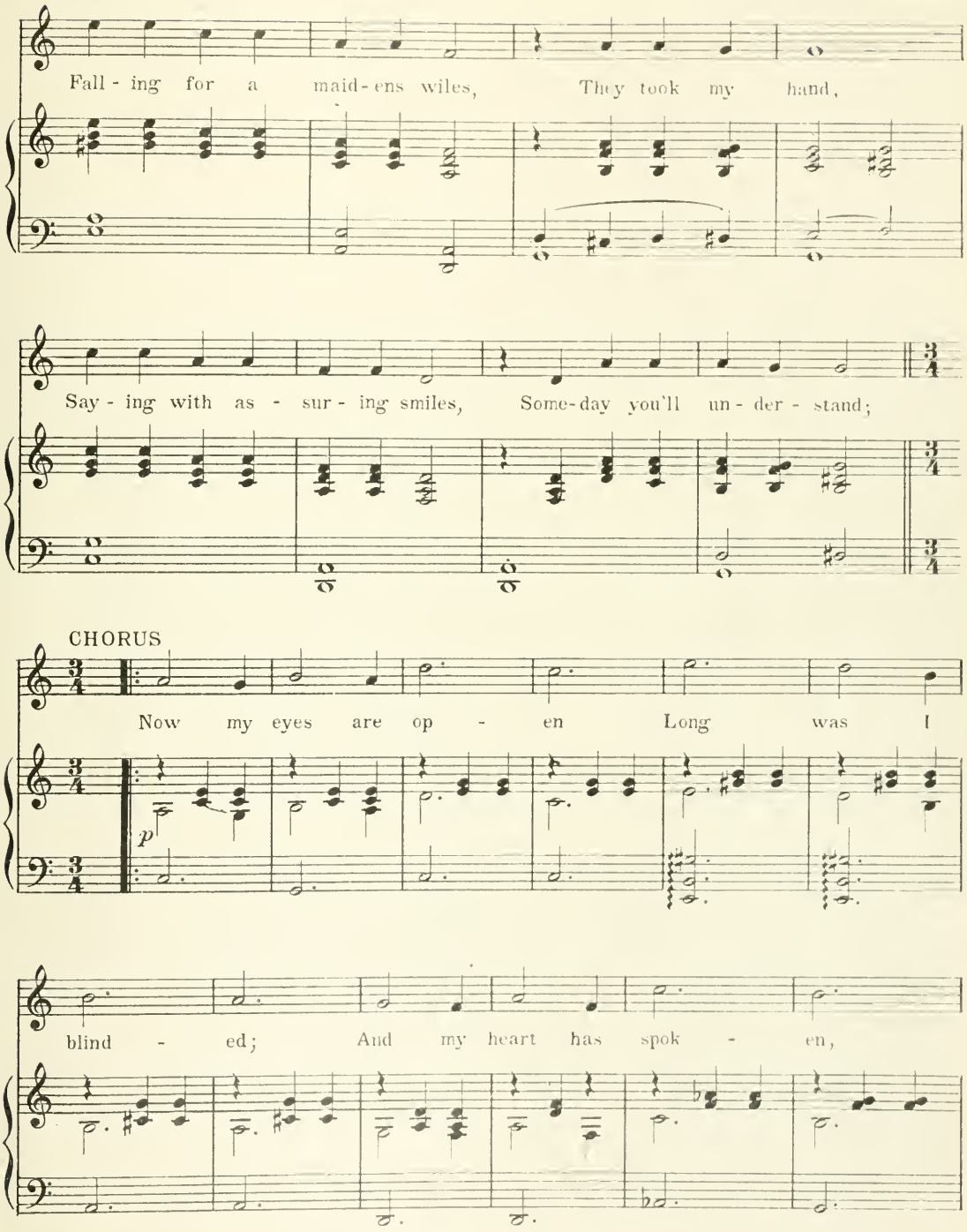
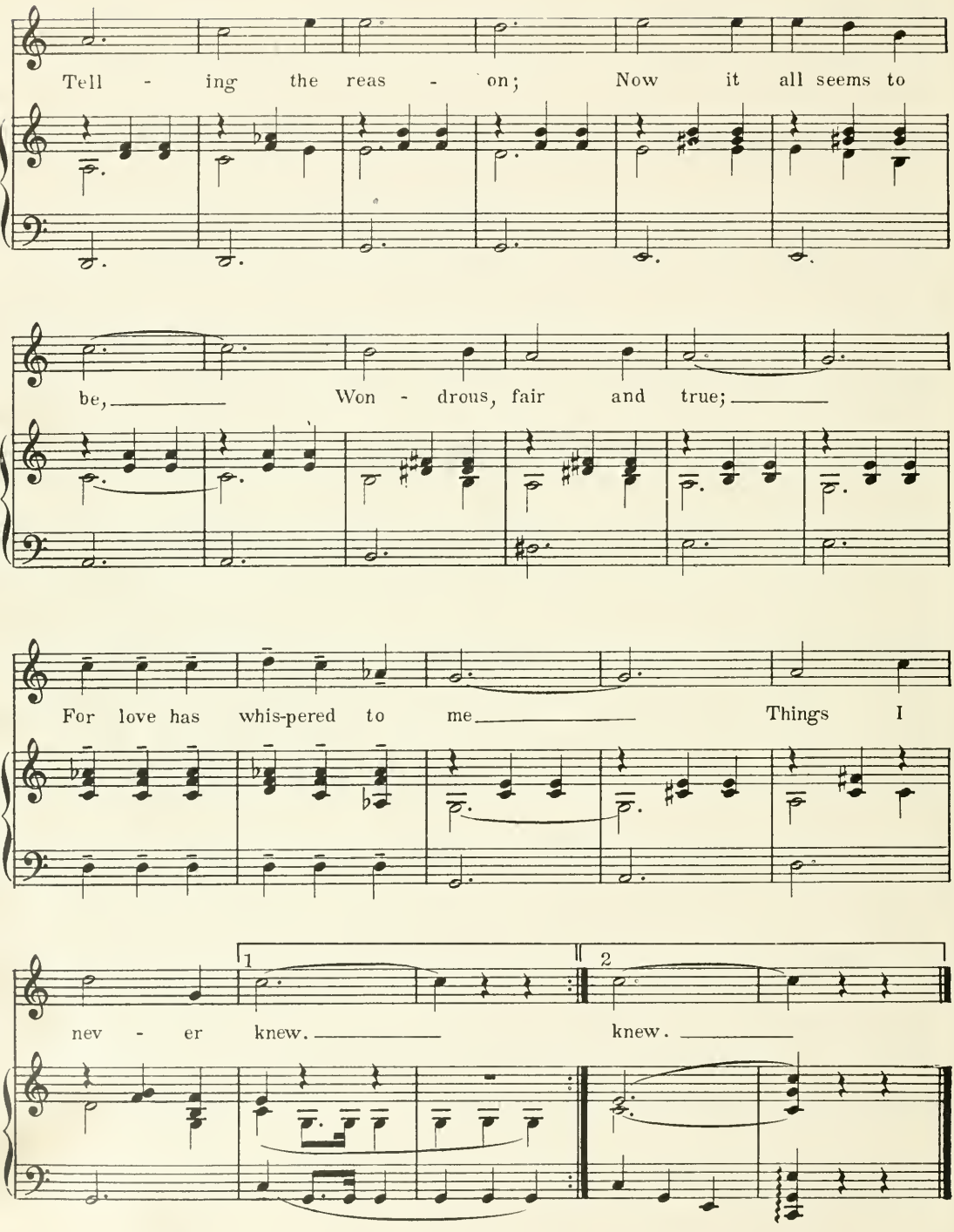
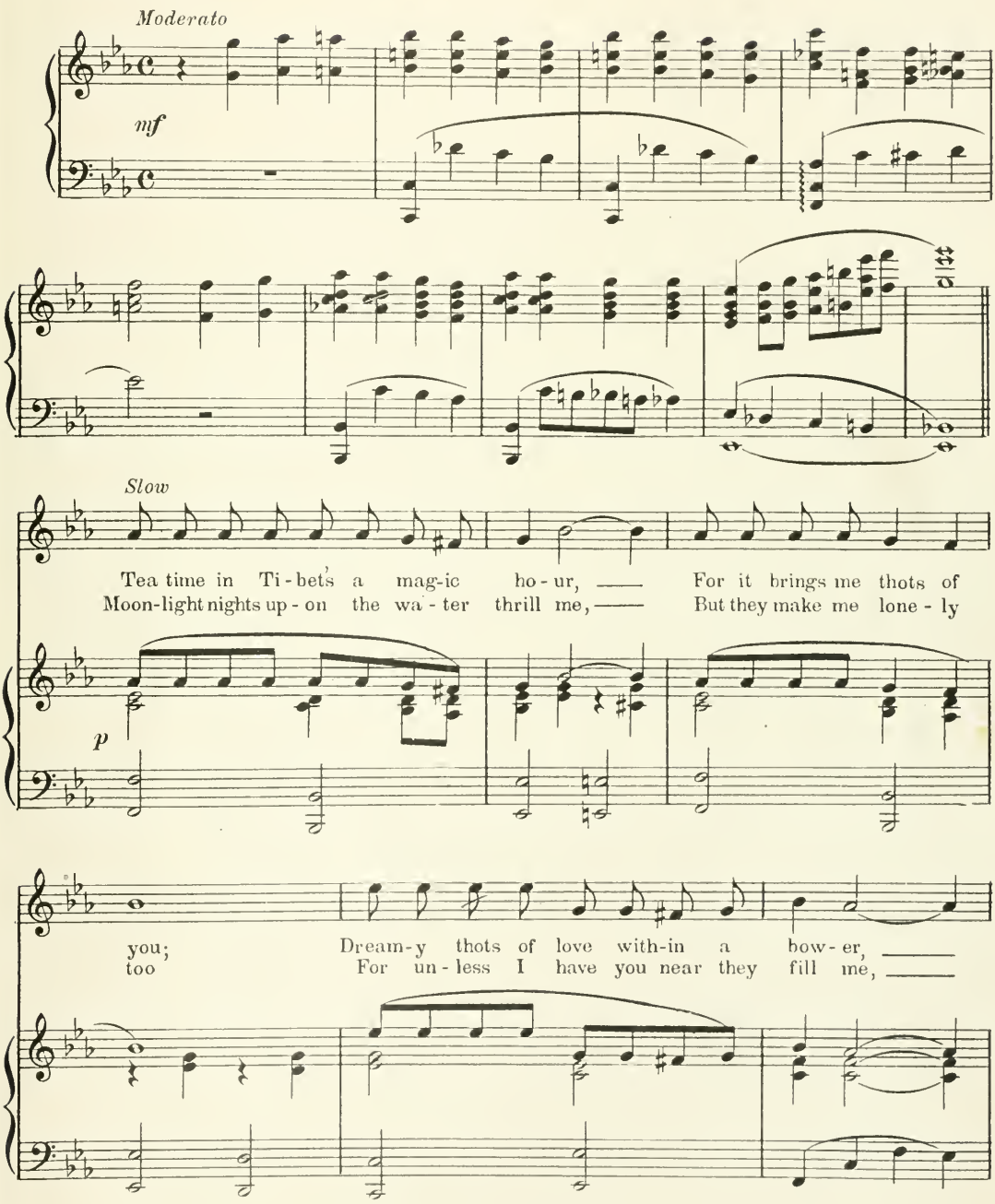

Fall - ing for a maid-ens wiles, They took my hand,
Say - ing with as - sur - ing smiles, Some-day you'll un - der - stand;
CHORUS
Now my eyes are op - en Long was I
p
blind - ed; And my heart has spok - en,


Tell - ing the reas - on; Now it all seems to
be, Won - drous, fair and true;
For love has whis-pered to me Things I
1
2
nev - er knew. knew.

Tea-Time In Tibet

Words by
G.V.BUCHANAN

Music by
BILL DONAHUE



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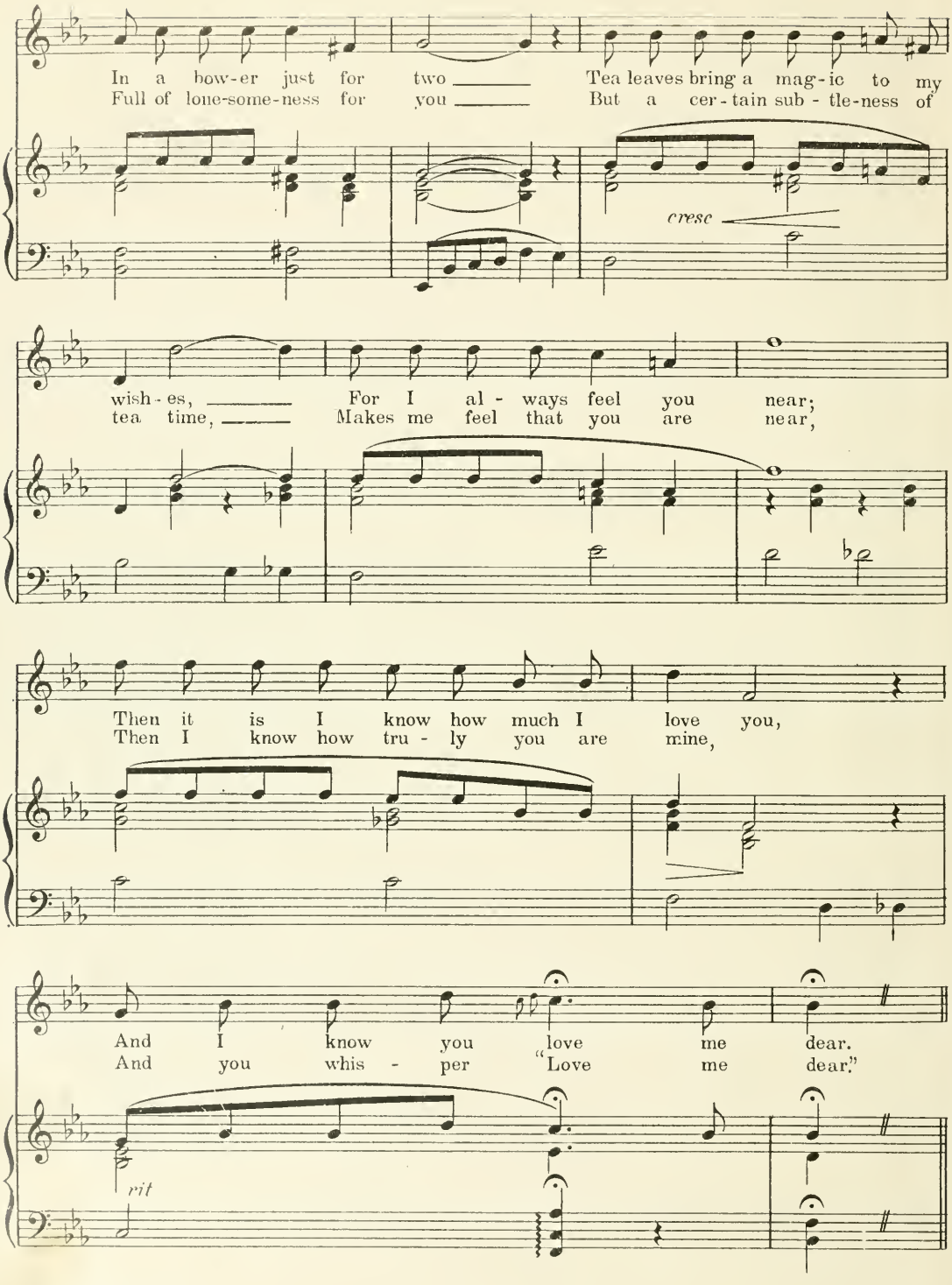
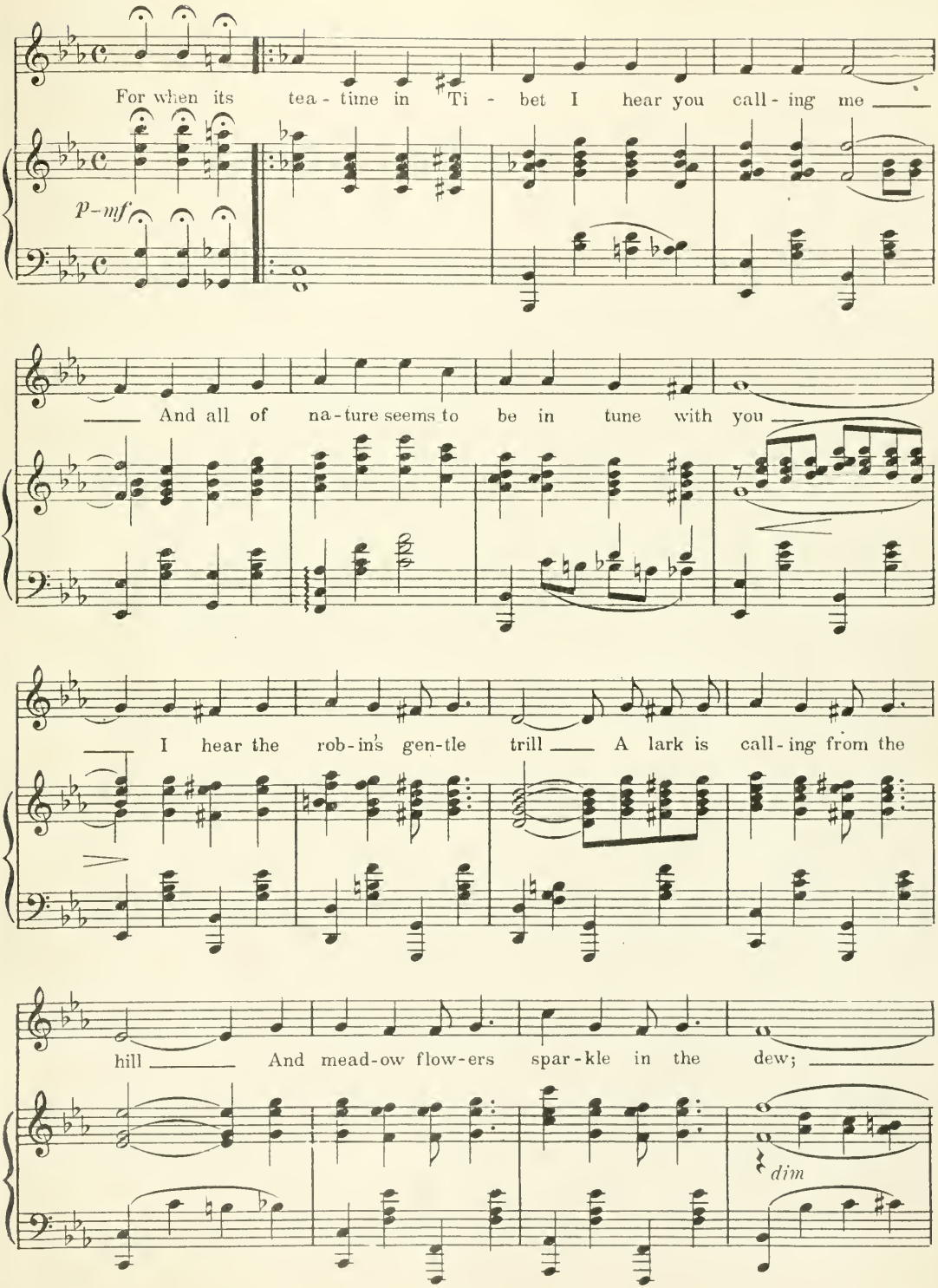
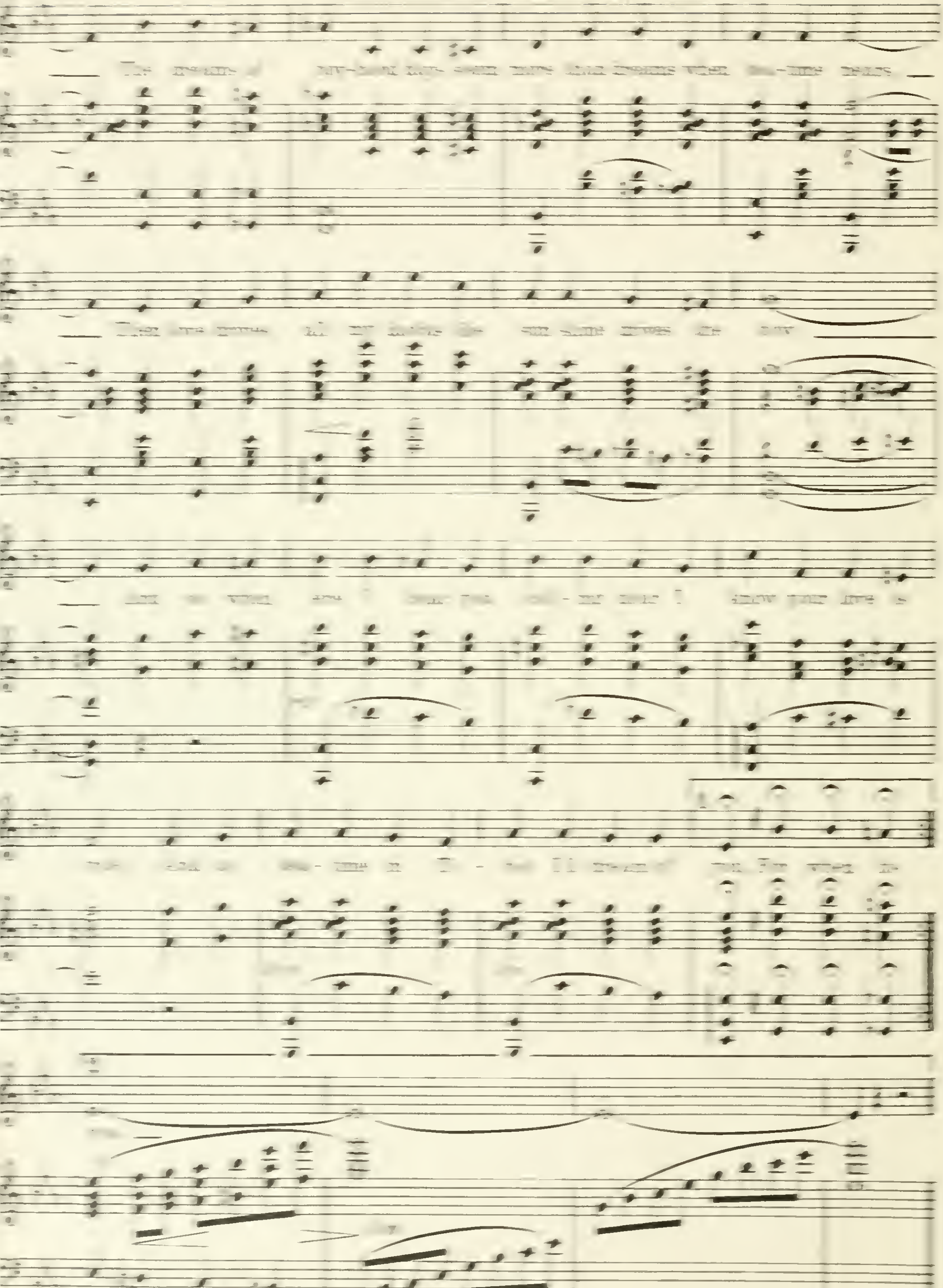
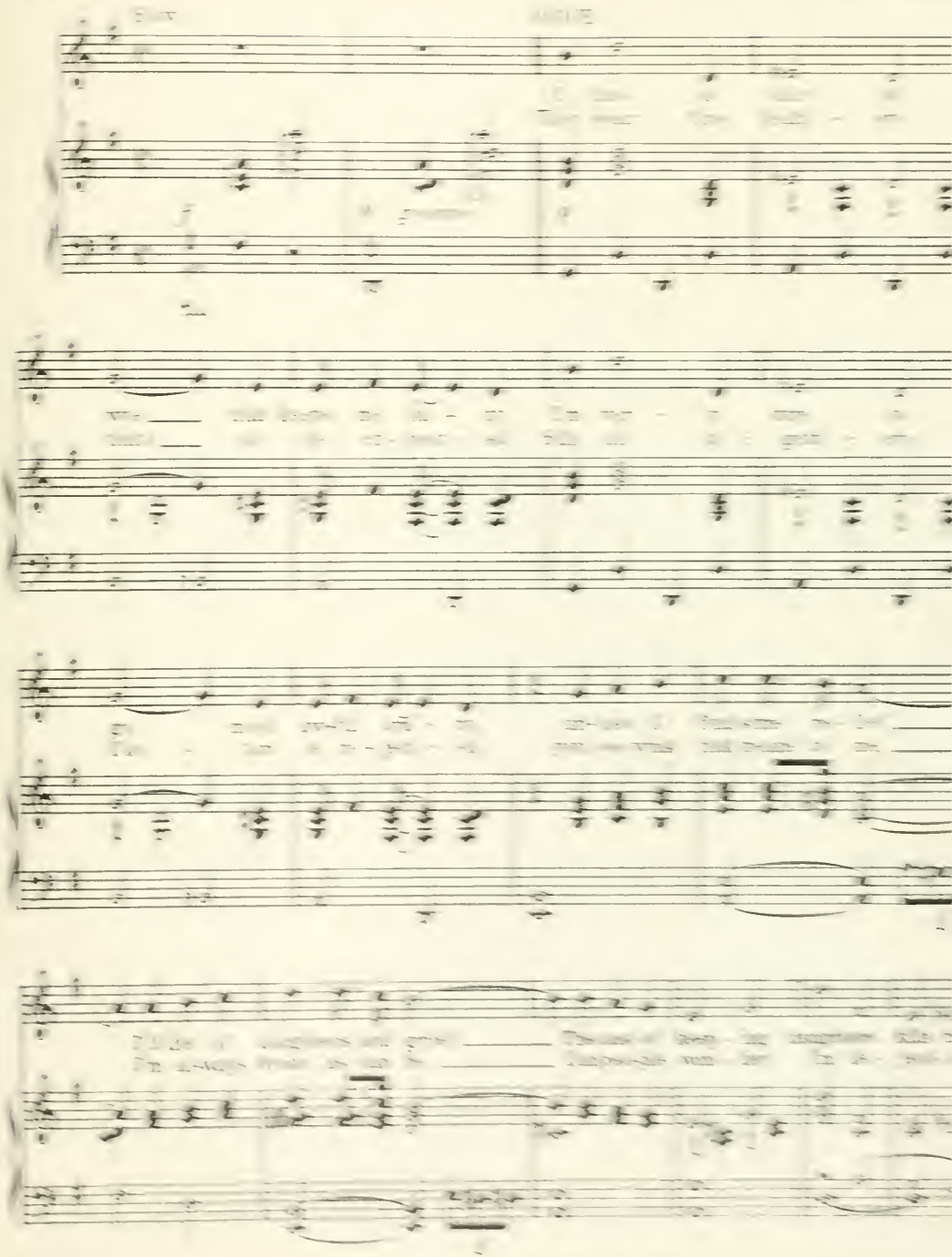
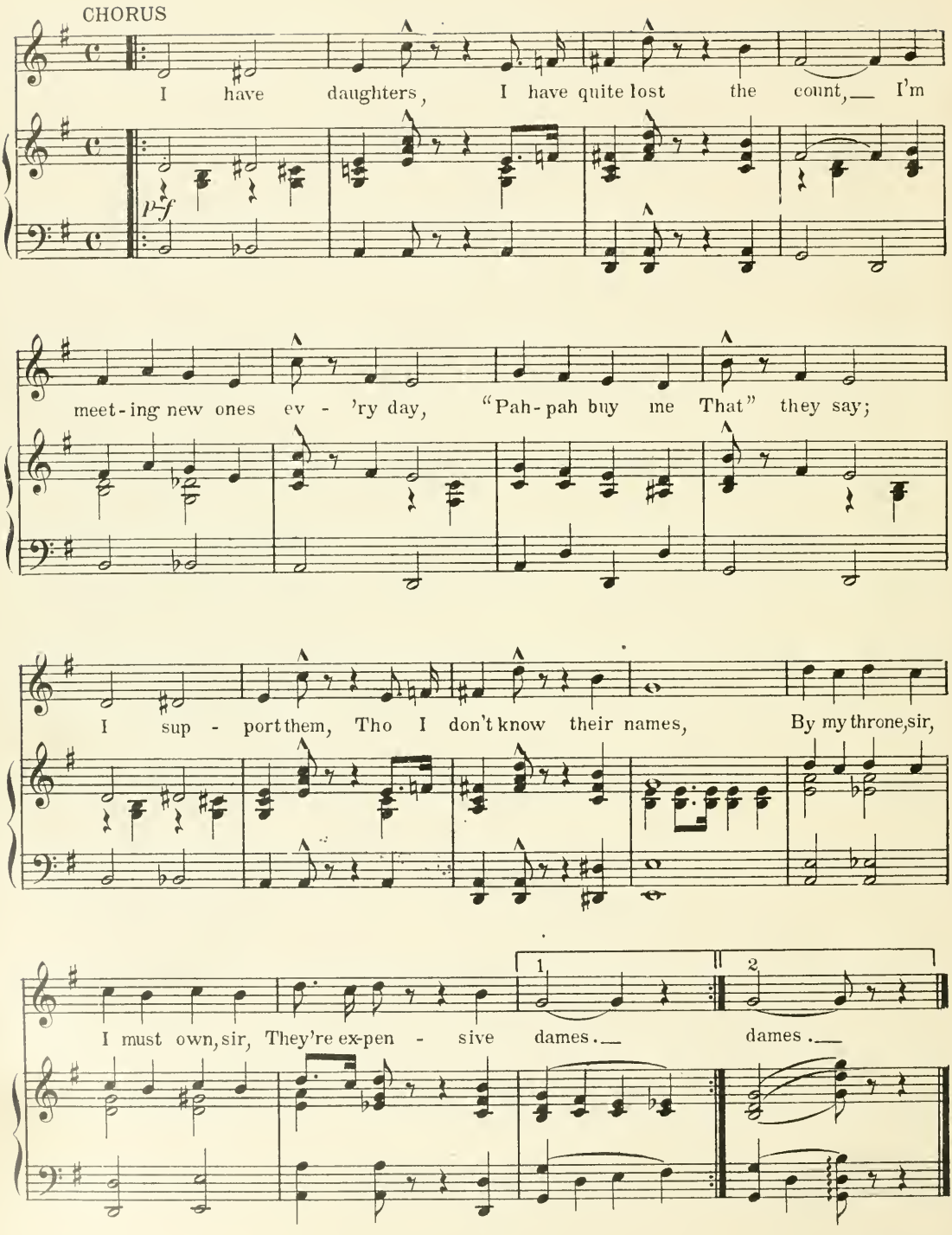

In a bow-er just for two
Full of lone-some-ness for you
Tea leaves bring a mag-ic to my
But a cer-tain sub-tle-ness of
cresc
wish-es,
tea time,
For I al-ways feel you near;
Makes me feel that you are near,
Then it is I know how much I love you,
Then I know how tru-ly you are mine,
And I know you love me dear.
And you whis-per "Love me dear."
rit


For when its tea - time in Ti - bet I hear you call - ing me
p–mf
And all of na-ture seems to be in tune with you
I hear the rob-in's gen-tle trill A lark is call-ing from the
hill And mead-ow flow-ers spar-kle in the dew;
dim



Daughters, Daughters





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Ida.
Just a little love song
Saphire Sea
Gee how I hate to go home
Stealing

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